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FAITHFUL TO THE END.



THE STORY  
OF  
EMILE COOK'S LIFE.



**FAITHFUL TO THE END.**



**FAITHFUL TO THE END.**

“Thrice I suffered shipwreck: a night and a day I have been in the deep: in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils in the city, in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often.”





*Espresso. crois. Aime,  
Rejouis-toi entre Dieu et Béni le contentement.*

*Emile P. Cook Jr*





# FAITHFUL TO THE END:

*The Story of Emile Cook's Life.*

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH

BY

LOUISE SEYMOUR HOUGHTON,

AUTHOR OF

"*FIFINE*," "*THE SABBATH MONTH*," ETC.

*WITH PREFACE*

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ST. PAUL'S, ONSLOW SQUARE.

London:  
HODDER AND STOUGHTON,  
27, PATERNOSTER ROW.  
—  
MDCCCLXXXII.



210 . 0 . 518 .

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Printed by Hasell, Watson, & Viney, London and Aylesbury.

## P R E F A C E.

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A LIFE nobly lived to its close is always a blessed heritage for the Church of God, and we can ill afford to lose the record of even one who "adorned the doctrine of God his Saviour" upon earth, and has now passed, as we believe, to be "for ever with the Lord."

Though not a member of that branch of the Church to which it is my own privilege and delight to belong, Emile Cook was indeed more than half our brother, not only by parentage and by education, but more especially by that burning love to souls which made him claim brotherhood with all who were "in Christ Jesus," and show pity to all who had no real knowledge of the Saviour.

His was, in the best sense of the words, a cosmopolitan creed; and by the manner in which the clergy of all Protestant Denominations in France (National or otherwise) always welcomed him to their “Temples” or churches, we see at once how broad were the lines on which love to sinners must have led him to work, and how love to others begat love towards himself.

However much men may differ in regard to Church government, it is impossible for any enlightened soul to refuse the due meed of praise and gratitude to God for one so richly blessed as Emile Cook in the winning of souls for his Master or to refrain from an expression of the highest admiration for the noble life of self-sacrifice and devotion, practically ending in a martyr's death, for the one great work to which all Christians profess to have given themselves, but which, alas! too frequently is made but an appendage of worldliness, instead of being the one great end of

existence. Much has been said and written of "consecration" in these days, but too rarely do we see men carrying it out in their lives. One such example as Emile Cook's may, by God's grace, do much to convince the readers of his life that it is not merely to a few, like the Apostle St. Paul, that the call of the Master comes for "labours more abundant," but that to *every* true Christian, however humble his sphere, the one and only command Christ gives is, "Be *thou* faithful unto death and I will give thee the crown of life."

Narrow indeed must be the spiritual sympathy of the man who could refuse to draw lessons of love, devotion, and zeal from one whose denominational training happened to differ from his own; and while aware that some may count it strange that a Church of England clergyman should earnestly and cordially recommend all (and especially the young) to study this biographical sketch of a

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French Methodist minister, I cannot hesitate to avow my conviction that all of us need such a “provoking to love and good works” as the history of Emile Cook must give; and it is perfectly clear that his religion was of the same type as St. Paul’s, who says, “Grace be with all those that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity.”

In France, and in other countries where Roman Catholicism is dominant, the barriers which exist in our own country between the different denominations of Protestants are but seldom brought into prominence. This is thankfully known by the writer from past residence in the country: and it is, of course, but natural, when we consider how all are engaged in combating that one great error which binds the nation in chains of darkness.

There are occasionally to be found expressions in this little book which mark the peculiar traits of the sect to whom it was an honour to claim Emile Cook as a Leader; but

nowhere, I believe, can one expression be found which every true Christian might not safely adopt. As a whole, the book must lead its readers to long for conformity to the image of Him whom the good Methodist minister delighted to preach. He was a remarkable child, an earnest youth, and a powerful man, simply because from his earliest days his one love was for Christ, and his one longing was for souls. This really constituted the power of his life; and while the heroic courage with which he endured, as a boy, the petty persecutions which are always raised against Christians, and as a man the awful trials of the Prussian siege of Paris, and the still more awful days of the Commune of 1870—71, must ever commend him to admiration as a true hero among men, it is the *object* with which he endured those terrible trials that really commends him to our emulation as a true follower of Jesus Christ. “Oh! joy! Here is Mr. Cook returned to Paris,

because there is danger. That does us all good" (p. 183), was the sentence of *The Evangelist* when he came back from the Channel Islands to share the hideous sights of the Commune with his flock. And why "joy"? Because all men knew that Emile Cook was seeking for souls, and would bring Jesus Christ wheresoever he went!

His was a humble but lifelong service of his Lord, and few can doubt, after perusing these pages, that Jesus can effectually "call to Himself a little child," and can keep that child faithful through all trials of life, till the path of the just is completed in glory.

Emile Cook yearned for "perfection" and "entire sanctification"; but he never dreamed of saying that he had "attained." His humble, earnest soul would never permit him to adopt phraseology, even if it were current in his own denomination, unless in God's sight he could say that it were true; and he was far too real and too much impressed with God's

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holiness to think that he was without sin in the sight of his Lord. With all his soul he longed to be Christ-like, but never once do we find him imagining that perfect holiness had been arrived at by him.

He was a true follower of Christ; and cordially, therefore (as my recommendation has been asked for), do I feel myself justified in saying, that both to young and old this little book may, I believe, be most blessed of God; and I trust that He will graciously own this record of the life of one of His faithful servants to the conviction, conversion, and consecration of many. This I confidently expect that He will do, if only it be read, as such histories should be, with an earnest desire to know (and then to live up to) what God can make the humblest man who is wholly consecrated to Him in Christ Jesus our Lord.

H. W. WEBB-PEPLOE.

25, ONSLOW GARDENS, S.W.

*July 1882.*



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## I.

### *"A PEACEABLE HABITATION."*

"**E**MILE, why do not you eat your soup?"

"I don't like it, mamma."

"And, Marie, why do not you eat yours?"

"I don't like it either, mamma, it does not taste good."

"Oh, mamma!" exclaimed Paul, "she was eating it until she saw Emile was not eating his, and then she pushed her plate away."

"No matter now, Paul," said their mother quietly. "Perhaps Emile and Marie are not hungry; they need not waste good food by eating in that case. The soup can be kept for them until they have better appetites."

Emile and Marie looked at one another. Marie was six years old, with roguish black eyes and dark hair like her elder brother, Paul. Emile was a year younger, and was fair and

delicate, with blue eyes and golden hair. He and Marie were sitting side by side in two high chairs between their father and mother. Opposite them, across the round table, sat Paul, now diligently eating his soup. They all remained silent after their mother had spoken, and the parents conversed quietly, taking no notice of them.

When the soup was eaten the old servant came in and cleared the table, placing a dish of meat upon it, but leaving the soup-plates before Emile and Marie. They understood this very well, and knew that until their soup was eaten there was no hope of getting anything else. As for asking for anything, or indeed speaking at all at table unless they were spoken to, that was quite out of the question. The table was again cleared, the meat replaced by a dish of vegetables, according to the custom of the country, but still Marie and Emile got nothing. Master Paul ate his dinner with great relish, casting many significant glances upon his brother and sister; but no one spoke to

them. At last desert appeared upon the table. This was too much for Emile. He really did not like the soup, but he did like fruit very much, and he well knew that his only hope of getting any was to have the distasteful soup eaten before his parents had finished their dinner.

With a sigh of determined resolution he took up his spoon, and soon his plate was emptied.

But Marie could not give up so easily. She liked the soup well enough, and had only refused it because Emile had done so; and now her pride would not give way. Emile's plate of fruit was before him, but he could not enjoy it while Marie had none.

“Shall I help you?” he whispered, reaching out his spoon.

Marie nodded. Emile drew the soup-plate between them, and, armed each with a spoon, the two children valiantly attacked the enemy. It was quickly vanquished, and the tender-hearted little brother had the satisfaction of

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seeing a plate of fruit passed to Marie before their parents rose from the table.

These children lived in a little village in the south of France. Their father's house was a large one, standing close upon a narrow paved street without sidewalks, and with a stream of refuse water running down the middle of the street. Few of the windows looked into the dark, ugly street, however; they opened into a bright, sunny garden, shaded with laurels and myrtles and gay with many beautiful flowers, for Congénies—where these children lived—has one of the loveliest climates in the world.

I wish I could picture in a few words the home in which Emile Cook grew up. The severe strictness of French Protestant home-life of fifty years ago was in no wise relaxed in this missionary's family, yet this was one of the happiest homes in the world. Perhaps it was that the fervent spirit of that Church which Mr. Cook had come from England to establish in France breathed a new warmth into the cold

formality into which the old faith had almost become petrified; so that even the added strictness lent something of freshness to the old ways. There was, at any rate, a tenderness infused through the stiff reserve of the father's manner, a sweet gravity tempering the mother's Southern impulsiveness, which made that home like few upon earth.

The very house was unlike most others. It was nearly all taken up with a great stone-paved chapel, open from the ground to the roof, and furnished with rush-bottomed chairs and a high pulpit. It was here that Emile's father preached, and the influence of this chapel seemed to pervade the whole house with an air of sweet and solemn joy. The house was always quiet and orderly, the brick floors always shining, the few articles of plain furniture were always set straight against the unadorned walls. Yet the children were neither stupid nor moping, nor was their life a dismal one. I do not think there were ever more merry, frolicsome children than Paul and Marie

Cook, and even Emile could romp and play, though he was sooner tired than his more healthy sister and brother. The garden resounded with their laughter from morning till night. It was only in the house that they must be quiet—not clatter about upon the stone floors, nor interrupt the older people nor make trouble for the servants. But in that delightful climate they could be out of doors most of the time; and when in the still, well-ordered house, they had one pleasure which I think few children know much about—the pleasure of listening to the conversation of older and wiser people, than which I hardly know anything more delightful.

In such a home as this these children grew up merry, light-hearted, yet early self-restrained, performing kindly offices for one another, the servants, or the poor; speaking two languages, their father's English and their native French; writing little letters to their father during the long and frequent absences which “the care of all the churches” of his denomination rendered

necessary ; welcoming back with ever-increasing joy the grave, silent, preoccupied man, whose tender love for his children they felt warming through all his foreign reserve.

Their sweet mamma was always with them. What hour of their lives was not the happier for her presence ? They studied their lessons with her, they walked out with her, they played around her in the garden as she sat under the trees with her needlework through the long bright days. Often, when the delicate little Emile grew tired with the romps of the others, he would creep to his dear mother's side, and, laying his head upon her knee, would listen to the stories which she knew how to tell so beautifully. Next to the Bible-stories, he loved to hear her tell about the missionaries who had gone from England and America to preach the Gospel of Christ to the heathen. He was never tired of asking questions about them, and his little mind was full of thoughts which his mother's stories awakened. His whole heart yearned to do something for the Saviour, of whom father

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and mother and children often talked—gravely and reverently indeed, but with ardent love—as of their best and dearest Friend. Emile's strong desire was to please this dear Friend, and this made him grow daily more loving and gentle to all the family, more obedient to his parents, more yielding to the elder children, more generous to the poor. Nothing pleased him more than to give his *tartine*, or slice of bread and butter, to some poor person, or to perform some such little act of kindness, as when he helped Marie to eat the distasteful soup.

Like most other children, Paul and Marie had their little quarrels and disagreements. As Paul was the elder, his parents thought that he was the more to blame.

“How is this, Paul?” his father asked him one day after a violent dispute between the two children; “why cannot you and Marie agree? It must be your fault, for Emile and Marie never quarrel.”

“Oh!” replied Paul, “that is no wonder

for Master Emile does whatever Miss Marie chooses.”

Indeed, Emile was very fond of his sister, and it seemed to him no trial to yield to her.

Emile was by no means a perfect child: he sometimes did wrong and needed to be punished, yet his character was a remarkably loving one. If it had happened to Emile Cook to die while he was a child, people would have said, “He was too good to live;” but I do not think any one can be that. At any rate, he lived to be a man, and to do and suffer great things for Christ; and I am sure that his life was far more useful because of that very tenderness of conscience and that loving heart which made him so sweet and engaging as a little child.

## II.

*"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."*

IT must not be thought that Emile's character was weak because it was so gentle. On the contrary, it was one which from the very beginning exerted a strong influence. "The joy of the Lord is your strength." I think that this text tells the secret of Emile Cook's whole life. From his earliest childhood his strong love for Christ and delight in His service gave him a great power over others. His sister and brother first felt its influence, and after them the other children with whom they played.

One evening, when the three children had been romping in the garden with a little friend, the mother noticed all at once an unwonted quiet. It was growing dark, but they had surely not come into the house. She looked

through all the rooms for them in vain. As she passed along the upper corridor she thought she heard voices in the chapel, and, opening a door which led into a little gallery above the pulpit, she stepped in. The chapel was quite dark, but some one was speaking in the darkness below. She listened: it was Emile praying earnestly that God would give him a new heart and make him fit for heaven.

When he ceased to pray Paul began, and then Marie, and then the little boy who had been playing with them. The mother listened silently, joining in their prayers in her heart.

When their prayers were finished they came quietly out of the chapel, saying nothing on the subject to any one. But the mother noticed that every evening, as it was growing dark, the children went softly into the chapel. When their father returned from his journey, she told him of this little prayer-meeting, and, though they never spoke of it to the children, evening after evening these happy

parents went silently into the gallery and united their prayers with those which the little ones were offering in the dark chapel below.

When Emile was seven years old the family removed from Congénies to Nîmes (or Nismes), which is a large city in the south of France, not very far from their first home. Emile was quite old enough to enjoy the wonderful sights which his new home presented. Nîmes is one of the oldest cities in France, having been founded by the Greeks long before our Saviour was born. It is full of very interesting ruins and relics of ancient times—more full than any other city in Europe except Rome.

Emile learned much of history from the stories his father and mother told him in their walks to the ruined Tour Magne and the temples and porticos, and especially to the amphitheatre, which still exists almost as perfect as when it was built. Not only ancient history, but many a story of modern times, the father told his children in this amphitheatre

—stories of cruel persecutions of the Protestants by Roman Catholics ; stories of the fearful struggles for religious liberty which had taken place among the mountains of the Cevennes, in sight from where they might be sitting upon the topmost step of the amphitheatre—telling them how, after the most heroic endurance of every kind of trial and hardship, the Protestants lost their cause, and vast numbers of them were taken and put to horrible torture in this very city of Nîmes. Many a time, in Emile’s walks, he trod the very Place de la Boucarie where those terrible instruments of torture had done their worst upon the bodies of Protestants, and his whole soul burned with longing desire to carry once more the good news of salvation to the people whose ancestors had so nobly suffered for the cause of Christ. The influence of that fierce and bloody conflict of a century and a half before was still felt in Nîmes, for nowhere in France is party-spirit between Protestants and Catholics so fierce as there. But it was rather Mr. Cook than his children who

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felt the effects of this ; yet he went steadily on his way, preaching the gospel to the poor and training up his sons to carry on his work, though saying nothing as yet to the little boys of the many trials which came upon him in the course of his duty.

The boys had now begun to attend school, and soon had a large circle of merry companions. They still kept up the little prayer-meeting which had been begun in the chapel at Congénies, and one by one they persuaded their school-fellows to join them. Every evening at twilight they met to pray and sing and relate their experiences to one another, after the manner of the grown people in their Church. These were all little boys, the eldest not more than ten years old, but the meetings were as orderly as those of grown people, and were kept faithfully from year to year.

God heard the prayers so perseveringly offered. He sent His Holy Spirit to the hearts of these little ones, and one by one they were filled with the love of God. This was many

years ago; the boys of that little prayer-meeting have become men, and are scattered far and wide. It is a wonderful fact that each one of them who lived to grow up became, without exception, a faithful and devoted servant of God. But why do I say “wonderful”? Does not God teach us to expect just such answers to prayer?

Emile had not long been attending school when he became very ill, and for nearly two years all regular study was impossible, and he was often kept from joining his companions in their plays. Perhaps this made him the more devoted to the prayer-meetings, which he was generally strong enough to attend. The care of them fell more and more upon him, and thus, at eight years old, he became, in a sense, the little pastor of his playmates.

If Paul was their leader in all sorts of games and romps, it was Emile, after all, who exerted the most influence. He had a wonderful power over them all—that power which is by many people called “magnetic,” but which perhaps

may almost always be traced to thorough earnestness and a loving interest in others.

Emile infused his own spirit of love for souls into his companions. The missionary-stories with which his mother still soothed many a restless hour already began to bear fruit. He told them again and again to his playfellows, until, not satisfied with seeking their own conversion, these children longed to do something for the heathen. They talked it over among themselves, debating many different plans of earning money ; and at last, after many grave deliberations, they formed themselves into a society of *bootblacks*. For a whole year the little fellows carefully blacked the boots of their parents and of such friends as would employ them. People of that country and in that time were not lavish with their money. They would have thought it extravagant to pay to children as much as they would have given a man for the same service, and it needed a whole year of patient daily toil to collect, sou by sou, the sum of twenty-five francs, or about five dollars.

This sum they joyfully brought to Mr. Cook to be devoted to the evangelization of the heathen.

By this time, however, Emile had thought of a better plan. “Let us leave off being bootblacks,” he said to the boys one day as they assembled to deposit their earnings in his little *tirelire*, or savings bank.

“What! and not do anything more for the pagans?”

“Yes indeed, but I have thought of a better way.”

“How is that?” They crowded eagerly about him.

“Mamma has told me all about it. We must collect old pasteboard boxes, and get some coloured papers—she has given me ever so many already, and you must all ask your mothers for some. Then we can meet every Thursday afternoon and make things. Our old Annette says she will make us the paste,—for we should make such a mess in the kitchen,—and we can keep the things in a box in the arbour in our garden, and work

there ; and next winter, mamma says, we may work in the garret. We will make boxes for matches and other things, and portfolios for the school-boys, and sell them."

"But there are no old boxes in our house, and my mother has no coloured papers," said one.

"My father has some in his office," said another.

"My uncle has old boxes in his store ; he would give me some," said a third.

"And my aunt is a milliner, and has a great many, and pretty papers, too," cried a fourth. "She would give me some for carrying things home for her."

"We will collect all we can," said Emile, "and when we have used all our materials and sold the things, we can take some of the money and buy more. Mamma will tell us all about it."

And so the little society met regularly to devote a portion of their half-holidays to work for the heathen, and many a sou, and even half-franc, was dropped into Emile's *tirelire* to be sent to the missionaries.

### III.

#### *“A GOOD SOLDIER OF JESUS CHRIST.”*

**I**N the midst of all his zeal for Christ and love for souls Emile was not at rest. He longed for a more thorough change in himself than he had yet felt. No doubt he was already a child of grace, but the more he loved the Saviour, the more he saw and hated the sin of his own heart; and he ardently longed for a more perfect sense of forgiveness. I believe that many children who are taught from babyhood to love the Lord are hardly aware of the time when new hearts were given them; but Emile Cook's nature, gentle and loving though it was, was too intense to give him rest in anything short of a thorough and conscious submission to God. For a time his anxiety was extreme. As his health became more delicate, his solicitude for his salvation became

greater. He could not stay away from the prayer-meeting, although far too unwell to go. One day his anxiety was so overwhelming that on his return from the meeting he was seen to be in a high fever, and was put at once to bed. But he could not rest there; he felt that he must seek the Lord until he found Him.

He only waited until his mother, having gently smoothed the coverlet and laid a cool perfumed handkerchief upon his forehead and drawn the curtains, had softly left the room. Then, rising from the bed, he knelt beside it, and saying to the Lord, "I will not let Thee go until Thou bless me," he literally agonized in prayer. Soon a sweet peace stole over him, and, returning to his bed, he slept quietly, with the happy faith that he was at last the adopted child of God.

Emile Cook always believed this to have been the day of his conversion. He never from that time lost the feeling of sonship to his heavenly Father, and he delighted in later

years to dwell with loving remembrance upon the joys of that hour. If any of his brother-pastors in his presence doubted the possibility of early conversion, “You do not believe it?” he would say. “You are wrong, for I who speak to you was converted at nine years old.”

From that day he lived the life of a Christian soldier. He had many struggles with sin, especially with impatience and idleness, which were the faults natural to his delicate constitution; but he did struggle constantly, and, though he blamed himself severely for his faults, he always rejoiced in the Lord who enabled him to conquer.

“My dear papa,” he wrote about this time, during one of his father’s absences, “God has helped me to be good lately, and has made me so happy with His goodness! Now we don’t tease each other any more.”

His health was still very feeble, and he was sent, for change of air, to visit his grandparents at Montauban. While he was there he busied

himself often in writing letters to his little playmates at Nîmes. Many of these are truly "pastoral epistles."

"It makes me very happy," he writes, "to hear that you are well in body and soul. I am so glad to hear that you meet every Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday to work for God [at their box-making]. I felt it like a balm flowing into my heart when I heard that there were more children in our Sunday-school, and I could not help saying aloud, 'Thank God!'"

It seems strange to think of such young children as Sunday-school teachers, but in those early days of Sunday-school work in France such things were left almost entirely to the pastors and their families. Paul and Emile had gathered a number of children together, and had induced their playmates to help them in carrying on a little Sunday-school under Mr. Cook's supervision. Busy as the father was, however, and frequently absent from home, the care really fell upon

the two children ; and many of Emile's letters while at his grandfather's contain advice as to the arrangement of the classes and other details of the work.

Emile grew much better at Montauban, and he was soon able to study regularly. For nearly two years he attended school at Nîmes, and then a great change took place in his life.

There was in England a school especially designed for the education of the sons of Methodist ministers. There were many advantages to be enjoyed there which were denied to the sons of Protestants at Nîmes ; or, to speak more correctly, the hatred of Protestants by the Roman Catholics in the latter place, and the ill-will manifested toward them, made it an unfavourable place for the education of their children. Paul Cook had already been sent to Woodhouse Grove, as the English school was called, and when Emile was eleven years old it was thought best that he should go too.

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The journey to England was full of interest to Emile. It was in the early days of railroads, and a great part of the journey was made by *diligence*, the French stage-coach. But first they must ascend the Rhone in a little steamboat. Slowly enough it went, battling its way against the rapid current, but not too slowly for Emile, whose pleasure in the magnificent scenery, and whose interest in the relics of former days, which abound upon the banks of the Rhone, was very great. This is the part of France which is most interesting to the student of history, whether of Roman times, of mediæval romance, or of the fierce religious struggles of later days. Emile's kind father took quite as much pleasure in telling as the little boy in hearing the stories attached to each city or village or ruined castle which they passed, as they sat upon the deck of the little steamer ascending the rapid Rhone.

The long diligence-ride which followed was pleasant in other ways, though Emile grew

tired of it at last. Then there was Paris and all its wonders, and then the journey through Normandy, and at last the British Channel with all its dreary horrors of sea-sickness. A sad end, indeed, to so delightful a journey ; then, sadder still, was the parting with his dear father at Woodhouse Grove. Paul was there, to be sure, and that was a great deal, but it was hard, even with his hand in Paul's, to bid good-bye to his dear father and to send his last messages to all at home.

When the carriage which took their father away was fairly out of sight, Paul led his brother to the long school-room, where the boys were all assembled waiting for their supper. Some were studying, some half lying on the desks and talking idly to little groups around them, some playing games of various sorts, but all in a subdued sort of way, and always with a strict eye to the under-master, who sat at his desk keeping a stern watch upon all that was going on. He nodded at Emile when Paul introduced him, but did not

seem to feel called upon to say anything, nor did he introduce him to the school, as Emile, judging from his experience of school-etiquette, had supposed he would do. As Paul led him down the room toward his own place, there were many broad stares, many subdued giggles and a few whispered remarks: "Another Johnny Crapeau;" "Parlez-vous Français?" or, "I say, are we to have frogs for supper?" and then a suppressed laugh.

"Don't mind them," whispered Paul.

Indeed, Emile hardly understood them, so strange was the scene to him, so different from anything he had ever known. These boys might not really be more ill-natured or unkind of heart than his old playmates at Nîmes, but Emile sorely missed the politeness which there had always been a thing of course. He was far too young to understand that the difference might be one of training only, and his heart grew very heavy. The evening seemed terribly long. Though he was hungry, he could not eat the food, which was

so different from that to which he had been accustomed ; he had, as yet, no lessons to study, and he was tired and sleepy. To sit for two hours on the hard bench, facing all those batteries of eyes, and hearing an incessant fire of quizzing remarks and half-understood jokes, was perfect torture. He was glad, when nine o'clock came, to be dismissed to his little bed next to Paul's in the long row of white-covered cots that lined the dormitory.

I think that Emile cried himself to sleep that night, and that he dreamed of his mother and Marie ; but if he did he said nothing about either.

As the days went on Emile grew really homesick. The change was a very severe one for the little boy. He missed the sunny brightness of his native land ; the cold and damp and fogs were too severe for his frail constitution. And here was no mother to care for his health, to soothe him with her loving sympathy—no sister Marie to talk and play with when he felt too weak for rough

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boys' play. The boys' play at Woodhouse Grove was very rough indeed. We often hear it said that ministers' sons are the worst boys in the world. I do not think this is true; on the contrary, I believe that the majority of them are the best boys in the world; but boarding-school life does not tend to make boys more polite or considerate of others; and at that day the Methodist pastors were frequently unlearned men of the lower classes—men of fervent piety and zealous in their Master's work, but with little time, even if they had had fitness, for training their sons to gentle manners.

The boisterous English school-boys found in the little foreigner a fitting butt for all sorts of idle pranks and petty tyrannies. They teased him most unmercifully; they stole his food off his plate; they hid his books; they made him fetch articles for them, and did many other things which frolicsome boys sometimes think smart and manly, not stopping to consider how cruel they are.

Emile did not whine and complain about his troubles. He never told tales on his school-fellows, but bore all their unkindness like the brave little Christian warrior he was. He never wrote home of his troubles, and only talked them over sometimes with Paul.

Paul was a great comfort to him, and stood his friend in many a trying hour, but Paul himself was one of the younger boys, and his influence went for very little. Emile's gentle courtesy and forgiving disposition did more to disarm his foes than all Paul's zealous championship. By degrees he became accustomed to the trials of school-life, but he never felt at home while he was at Woodhouse Grove.

The severe discipline of the school was another source of discomfort. He was really not strong enough to bear it, and it wore seriously upon his health. He grew thin and weak, but still he never complained.

“I think I should be contented enough here,” he wrote to his mother, “if I were not so used to being happy at home. I suffer sometimes

when the boys tease me. But I am willing to bear these little things when I think how different they are from what Jesus suffered ; and it does me so much good to draw near to my good God and lay upon Him all my cares and trials, and to remember all He has done for me. Oh, then I feel myself comforted."

This boarding-school experience was a severe test for the childish piety which until now had been so carefully nurtured and so shielded from trial. It was just what the boy needed to develop and ripen the Christian character, which might otherwise have been lacking in strength.

Emile felt this himself, child though he was. "I believe," he writes to his mother, "that my soul is in a better state: I feel the love of God increasing more and more in my heart. . . . I think that my besetting sins are anger and pride ; pray for me that by the help of God I may conquer these faults, and root out of my heart every plant which my heavenly Father

has not planted, and everything which is contrary to His holy will.”

It was a happy day for Emile that saw the close of his boarding-school life. It was not, however, until he had borne all its discipline for two long years that the respite came. At that time Mr. Cook was called to Lausanne, in Switzerland, and as this was a Protestant country, and the educational advantages in Lausanne were of the very highest order, the two boys were recalled to their home.

## IV.

*"FAITHFUL IN THAT WHICH IS LEAST."*

EMILE was wild with joy at being once more with his family. All the frolicsome ways of his early childhood, so long stifled by the stiff routine of Woodhouse Grove, now awoke in full strength. His mother, Marie, the little sister who had come into the nursery but a short time before he went to England, the old servants even, came in for a share of his caresses. But while too exquisitely happy to think of past troubles, his mother saw with an aching heart how much he must have suffered. He was no taller than when he left home, and was so thin, so pale, with such dark circles around his deep-blue eyes, that she feared lest the fragility of his childhood would develop into confirmed ill-health.

He soon recovered strength, however, in the

pure bracing air of the grand old mountains among which Lausanne is so beautifully situated. Every hour was a new delight. To explore every nook and cranny of the quaint old town ; to stand upon the wonderful “Great Bridge,” then newly finished, which connects the two hills upon which the city is built, and gaze down a hundred feet and more upon the houses and people in the lower town in the valley between them ; to visit the ancient Gothic cathedral, so exquisitely beautiful in itself and so interesting for the story of religious freedom which it tells, and to stand within it in thoughtful meditation before the monument of Davel, and read there how he “died upon the scaffold in 1723, martyr for the rights and liberties of the Vaudois people ;” to wander over the hills in company with his sister and brother, with the blue waters of Lake Leman beneath them ever in view ; to sit in the still twilight at his mother’s side, his hand in hers, communing of the past or looking forward into the future, —what a new life this was for the loving,

thoughtful boy! His health improved rapidly, and his character developed as a flower opens to the sunshine. This was the happiest period of Emile Cook's life, upon which in after years he delighted to dwell in loving remembrance.

This happy life was by no means an idle one. It was the month of May, 1842, when Emile and Paul arrived in Lausanne. Paul entered the academy at once, and Emile wished to do so at Christmas. He set diligently to work at his preparatory studies, and at the end of the year went up for examination and was admitted. To his great disappointment, however, he was put into the second class of the lower division, and not into the first, as he had expected. This was due to the different system of education which he had until now followed, and not to any dullness in himself. Before long he received his promotion, and at the end of the year he stood in the first rank among boys of his own age.

The academy at Lausanne is one of the most celebrated Protestant institutions of learning

on the continent of Europe. The course of study there extends over many years, and includes preparatory, collegiate, and post-graduate courses. At the time that Emile and Paul Cook were members of it some of the most eminent men of letters of that day filled the professors' chairs. Such names as Vinet, Sainte-Beuve, Olivier, Mounard-Chappuis are well known to all who have studied French literary history. Emile was not, as yet, under their instructions, but the time when he should be so was rapidly drawing near.

What a contrast between the free Swiss school-life and those dismal years at Woodhouse Grove! No more rigid boarding-school regulations, no more distasteful meals at the long, bare school-table, no more study under the usher's stern watch, no more long, dull walks, enjoined as a duty, and so robbed of all enjoyment! In exchange for all these were the glad return home after school-hours, the preparation of his lessons in his own pleasant little room or at his dear mother's table,

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encouraged by her loving smile and judicious help.

Then there were the lively games with his school-fellows ; the quiet walk with a favourite comrade or with his dear sister and brother ; the merry romp with the baby-sister, Hannah ; the happy family-meals in which, all restrictions now laid aside except those which courtesy requires, the boy talked freely of his studies, his pleasures, or his little troubles. Paul might indeed laugh at and criticise him, for Paul was at the critical age, but his mother and sister were sure to sympathize with him, and his father to listen at least with kind forbearance. What happy days were these !

Although Emile's health was still delicate, he made rapid progress in his studies. His aptitude was such that he could accomplish in a short time what would have cost another long hours of work. He did not understand this, and was continually accusing himself of idleness. He often reproached himself with sleeping too much, and felt mortified at being

behind his schoolmates in their walks or games. He forgot that his delicate constitution required the rest which he was always trying to abridge, nor did he consider that, short as might be the time which he devoted to study, it was quite long enough, as his success in school proved.

But the charitable and indulgent Emile was anything but charitable and indulgent to himself; he certainly would never have judged another with such rigour. We have already seen how he accused himself of selfishness and pride; his journal contains a long succession of such accusations: frivolity, greediness, indolence,—he summons all these faults to his bar, and condemns them all without mercy.

It was not because Emile had become morbid that he was so scrupulous. There is something in this extreme conscientiousness which commands our respect. A character strong, generous, master of itself, is being formed in the soul of this child. The boy has an ideal, and until he has attained it he will not be

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satisfied ; nor was he, indeed, ever. It was not enough, in his way of thinking, that he should be a good, inoffensive boy ; he longed to set such an example as he felt that a pastor's son and a professing Christian ought to set. Nothing gave him so much pain as the thought of having injured the cause of Christ by his conduct.

“Lord Jesus,” he writes shortly after entering the academy, “grant that I may be a good scholar and a kind-hearted comrade ; keep me from being an occasion of offence to any one ; help me to walk in the light, imitating my dear Saviour in everything, and showing by such conduct that I am a true child of God!”

With all his grave thoughts, Emile was by no means a sober child. Indeed, he was always full of fun ; his nature was very sympathetic, and easily influenced by those around him—too easily, he himself always thought. So it often happened that he got into a frolic when he ought rather to have been quietly studying !”

“I was very much inclined to frivolity to-day, especially during one of the recitations in school,” he writes in his journal. “Oh help me to be so no more, lest I should be a stone of stumbling to my comrades! Permit me not, my God, to bring shame upon Thy name, but help me always to glorify Thee by my conduct.”

So he turns every fault into a stepping-stone to bring him nearer to God. That longing for a thorough change which drove the little sick child from his bed to his knees in the nursery at Nîmes was gradually growing into that ardent desire for perfection which actuated his whole life, growing stronger every year, until it became indeed perfected in heaven. In the midst of all the joys of his happy school-life he was ready to pray for any trial which should make him more like his Saviour.

“O my good and tender Father,” he wrote in his journal, “spare me not until Thou hast made me that which Thou wouldest have me; help me to answer when Thou callest, and to

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profit by all the trials which Thou mayest send me!"

Emile was too young to understand the full meaning of his prayer. He little dreamed by what great sorrows he was to glorify God. Yet he did know something of trouble. His trials at Woodhouse Grove had been very real to him; and neither then nor afterwards did he shrink from any discipline by which God sought to perfect him.

Such a boy as Emile would be sure to exert a wide influence. Even the teachers felt it, and the school-boys still more. His excessively scrupulous conscience, his loving and sympathetic heart, his joyful yet strict piety, all combined, made him a living sermon, which his excellent place in the school rendered the more impressive.

Emile thought little of all this; he longed to do good, to lead others to Christ, but he was far from suspecting that his very life was doing so. He was a born pastor, and he had not been long in school before, as in Nîmes and in

Congénies, he began to feel that his companions were his parish. He talked with them about religious things, and finally, with the help of Paul, he began a little series of prayer-meetings somewhat like those they had held in other places.

“We have had our school prayer-meeting to-night,” he writes. “There were twelve of us. My God, grant me the blessedness of seeing many of the boys converted to Thee!”

Emile tried every means to attract the boys and to keep them in the little Christian association they had formed. He borrowed interesting books and missionary journals to read to them ; he told them all that he himself knew on this subject which he had so much at heart, and in a great measure he succeeded in communicating to them his own enthusiasm.

Besides the prayer-meetings, Emile tried to serve God in other ways. He took a class in Sunday-school, in which he displayed great zeal. The library, then a new feature in Sunday-schools, was also, in a great measure, put under

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his care. In this he took the greatest interest. Much of his play-time was spent in looking over and arranging the books, and in running about to look them up when they had been too long out of the library.

But it was his class which occupied the greater share of his time and his thoughts. He took the greatest pains in the preparation of his lessons, and tried by every means to interest his scholars. It was in these early attempts at teaching that Emile Cook acquired that art of speaking to children which he possessed to so rare a degree, and which, later, made him so popular in the French Sunday-schools of all denominations. Few men could, like him, enter into the spirit of childhood and speak its language ; there are certain of his addresses which will ever remain as if engraved in the memory of those who heard them, both small and great.

No doubt he found this gift in his heart, which, in spite of advancing years, was ever young ; but it was the Sunday-school at

Lausanne and his class of little boys which first called it forth and fostered its growth. Thanks to his having begun to teach children while yet a child himself, he never unlearned the language of childhood nor forgot its feelings. While working for others he was, therefore, working for himself. During his whole life he felt the benefit of the apprenticeship in good works which he had served while a school-boy in Lausanne.

V.

*“CHASTENED, BUT NOT KILLED.”*

EMILE had prayed that God would spare him no affliction which was needed to make him such as He would have him. His prayer was answered in a way that he little dreamed of. He was not quite fifteen, and had been a member of the academy of Lausanne more than a year, when a great sorrow fell upon him: his dear mother died.

I do not think a boy ever loved a mother more devotedly than Emile Cook loved his. She had been everything to him—his most intimate confidante, his most cherished companion, his spiritual guide, his comforter in all the trials which so sensitive a nature must endure; how could he give her up? how could

he live without her? In all his life he never ceased to mourn for her.

His sorrow amounted almost to agony, yet he bore up bravely from the first. He received the blow as one sent by God for his benefit, and strove to profit by it. He kept ever in mind the lesson which he supposed God would teach him by this trial, and at the same time his dear mother's presence seemed to be ever near him, and he strove to do in all things as she would have wished.

Perhaps he made a mistake, and was unduly severe to himself; neither his dear mother nor his loving Lord would have denied him some indulgence of his sorrow, but Emile gave himself no indulgence. Keeping down with strong resolution the anguish which he suffered, he went bravely on with daily duties. He became more diligent in study, more active in Sunday-school work, more earnest in seeking to bring souls to Christ. The only solace he allowed himself was his journal. In a sense it took his mother's place; to it he

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confided all the thoughts which he would have loved to tell her ; to it, too, he told his sorrow, but to no one else except God.

We sometimes see, when one makes a violent effort at self-restraint, that a reaction takes place which makes him more irritable in little things ; but this was not the case with Emile. From the day that he followed his mother to the grave he seemed to try to fill in the household that place which was so sorely vacant in his own heart. He became more dutifully attentive to his father, more gentle to the servants, more loving to Marie and Paul, more devoted to the little sister Hannah, whom from this time he watched over with almost a mother's care. He surrounded them all with an indescribable tenderness. To recount the delicate attentions he lavished upon each member of the family, his care for them at all times, would be impossible, for to do so would be to picture his entire life. So it was that Emile Cook tried to learn of his great sorrow the lesson which God was seeking to teach.

Through the long summer he bore up until the school-year was over and his examination passed, and then the boy broke down. He was attacked with brain fever, and for many weeks his life was in danger. How the poor child missed his mother then, no words can describe. His father, Paul, Marie, Hannah, the old servants, tended him night and day; his school-fellows would have done anything in the world to help him; but one sight of the sweet face he so longed for, one touch of the dear hand upon his forehead, would have been worth them all. In his delirium he called upon his mother constantly; in his more quiet moments his heart ached for her with unspeakable soreness. Only the love of Christ could have saved his life at this time. All the bitterness of the bereavement, so long and bravely kept under, now surged over him; but that divine love saved him. As one whom his mother comforteth, so the loving Lord comforted His suffering child, and Emile returned to life and health.

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His recovery was slow. When winter drew on and the academy reopened, Emile was too weak to think of study. The physicians said that only change of air and a milder climate could restore his strength; and he was accordingly sent to pass the winter with his grandparents at Montauban.

Montauban is a pretty little French town, too neat and regular to be picturesque. It is situated in a wide tract of thoroughly-cultivated country, through the midst of which, at a short distance from the city, runs the river Tarn. In the far distance are seen the silver heights of the Pyrénées piercing the clouds.

This city has always been a stronghold of Protestantism, and has seen its days of persecution. Now all is peaceful enough there. M. Marzials, Emile's grandfather, held a distinguished position in the National Protestant Church, of which he was a pastor, and all wise and good men in that part of the country rallied around him.

Emile's life at his grandfather's was a com-

paratively lonely one, for he saw few but elderly people. He was not strong enough to join in the sports and games of the boys in the neighbourhood, although at other times he would have much enjoyed them. The state of his mind was suited by this quiet and retirement. He had been so near to death that his mother no longer seemed as far away as before; and the Lord, who had stood with him and strengthened him in his long ordeal of suffering, was unspeakably precious to him.

Emile spent many happy hours in communion with his Saviour, now become in a new sense his closest Friend. He longed to consecrate himself more perfectly to His service; he was still fearful lest he should lose anything which God had meant to teach him by his trial. He felt glad of this time of sacred leisure in which to go back over the past and gather up all the scattered fruits of his sorrow.

I think that this was what God meant for

him in sending him thus away from home for a season, and that Emile did well not to lose the benefits of such a time.

Alone in his chamber at Montauban he passed the last hours of the year upon his knees, begging the Lord to take entire possession of him, to destroy every idol and renew him completely. The joy which he experienced that night alone with God it is impossible to describe. The letter which he wrote the next morning to his father was a shout of triumph; it seemed to him that henceforth he should be capable of anything for the glory of God.

From this time his health began rapidly to improve. His soul was now at peace, his will resigned to the will of God. The whole world was gilded by the brightness of his glorious hope. It had never seemed so lovely to him as in the opening springtime which now drew on. He once more became the glad, light-hearted boy of former days, though with a difference which he and every one else felt.

He never in all his life ceased to miss his mother, but he had learned to be happy even in *suffering* the will of God.

“It is a year to-day,” he wrote on May 21, 1845, “since God afflicted and tried me in removing my dear, my well-beloved mother. Was not this trial meant for my good? Have I profited by it? Am I not perhaps even worse now than then? O Lord, may I give Thee my whole heart! May I love Thee before and above everything! Be sovereign Master of my heart!”

This date of his mother’s death was also the date of his own conversion, when the little boy of nine years had knelt at his bedside and wrestled with God for a blessing. All through his life Emile Cook kept this double anniversary in sacred remembrance.

Emile was now quite recovered, and gladly returned to his home and the studies of the academy. He was now in the upper or collegiate department, and had to work hard to make up for lost time; but hard study

always seemed easy to him. Before the Christmas examination he was again with the boys of his former rank, and at the following summer examination, when he was seventeen years old, he was able to skip the second and enter the senior college year.

But remarkable events were now taking place. Emile's collegiate course was destined not to be completed at Lausanne.

## VI.

### *“EXPELLED OUT OF THEIR COASTS.”*

DURING the years in which Emile had been busily studying in the academy of Lausanne, events had been taking place in the canton of Vaud which were destined to influence his future life.

The people of the canton, dissatisfied with the existing government, had overthrown it and taken the reigns of authority into their own hands. As is usual in every country where there is an established or a state Church, religious questions were very largely mingled with politics, and, as is almost always the case, party feeling ran higher upon these questions than upon any other. The established Church of the canton of Vaud is Protestant. At that time it had fallen into a cold state, and the truest religious life was

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found among dissenters of various denominations, especially the Methodists.

The troubles had originally arisen on some questions which regarded the Roman Catholics. Distrust of what is called "Ultramontane" influence, or the meddling of Rome with the political affairs of countries where the Romish Church is tolerated, had been at the root of the difficulty, but the feeling soon spread into a hatred of all dissenters from the state Church and a distrust of all foreigners. The Methodists—or, as they were called in Switzerland, the Mômiers—became the especial objects of popular jealousy, and upon Mr. Cook, both as the leader of the Methodists and as a foreigner, the weight of opprobrium especially fell. He was met with hoots and jeers whenever he appeared in the streets, and his meetings were constantly disturbed by evil-disposed people, who attended them for the express purpose of breaking them up. Worst of all, the bitterness of feeling which such a state of things aroused made it impossible

that his labours should do any good, and he had the grief of seeing those who under his ministry had become concerned for their own salvation or that of their friends, now stirred up to bitter animosity, to family dissensions, and to unchristian strife. It was impossible that heart-religion should flourish in such a time as this.

We can easily imagine how an ardent young Christian, such as Emile Cook was at seventeen, would feel under such circumstances as these. We may be sure that the petty persecutions, the opprobrium of the cross, which he, with his father and many others, was called to endure, did not cast down his spirits, but that they rather rose to meet the occasion. There was just danger enough in the scenes which he was called to pass through to make them exciting.

These were not the days of fire and faggot, and such a boy as Emile would need no extraordinary fortitude to run the gauntlet of stones or mud thrown in the streets or to risk

a few bruises in the attempt to prevent evil-disposed persons from breaking up a meeting. He sympathized in his father's anxieties, and was glad for his sake and for the people's when a meeting passed off without disturbance; but we can hardly doubt that he went with quite as much personal interest to those assemblies where "something" was expected to happen.

Still, Emile understood that there was a possibility of serious persecution, and, though without sharing in the general agitation on the subject, he solemnly prepared his heart for such a trial of his faith.

"The people are pretty well frightened just now," he wrote in his journal. "It seems that evil is being devised against the children of God. Papa, though ill, rose from bed to go and preach, exhorting us to hold ourselves in readiness to suffer anything for Jesus Christ. O our good Saviour! keep us from all evil, give us entire confidence in Thee, and if it is Thy will that we suffer, may we esteem our-

selves happy to suffer for Him who died to redeem us from death!"

There was indeed no exaggeration in speaking of suffering for Christ, for if the Vaudois revolution never became a bloody one, yet real sufferings were endured. Many strongholds of the Church were destroyed, families were divided, violent hatred of the gospel was everywhere manifested.

Meanwhile, the government was not behind the populace. One law after another was passed restricting the freedom of public worship. No person was to preach except a pastor of the Established Church; no religious meeting of any kind might be held except on Sunday, nor in any place except the "temple," which is the name given to houses of worship of the Established Church in Switzerland. The pastors of the State Church themselves felt it their duty to resist the enforcement of such laws; and when at last an order was issued directing the pastors to read from their "pulpits, on Sunday mornings, the laws passed during

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the week," they felt that they could no longer remain in the Church as the salaried officers of a state whose actions they could not sanction. A large majority of pastors of the Established Church gave up their parishes. This bold and trying step led, in the course of a few years, to the founding of the Free Church, and was of priceless benefit to the cause of true religion, and of true liberty as well.

Meantime, however, persecution of the pettiest and most vexatious kind went on. Those who could no longer, for conscience' sake, attend the services of the temple, met in secret to worship God. Police and populace were on the alert to discover and break up the meetings, which were now multiplied on all sides, and, although they were held as secretly as possible, they were often surprised by the *gend'armerie* (police) or rabble, the congregation dispersed with every kind of indignity, and the preacher dragged before the tribunal to be fined or imprisoned.

In all these events Mr. Cook had his full

share, and Emile learned more than one lesson which he turned to account in later life.

In such a struggle as this families were constantly divided, and more than once Mr. Cook was called upon to succour those who were driven from their homes by the fierceness of religious animosity. One young girl was expelled from the normal school, which was a government institution, because she could no longer think it right to sing in the National Church. Her grandfather, who strongly approved of the acts of government, at once turned her out of doors. The poor girl knew not what to do; all her friends took sides against her and closed their doors upon her. In despair she went to the Mômier pastor for advice and aid. Mr. Cook (who had remarried) received her kindly, and arranged that his wife should provide the girl with work until such time as it might be hoped that the bitterness of her friends' wrath would be appeased.

So great had become the popular hatred of

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Mômiers by this time that it was unsafe for them to be seen in the streets, and the utmost precaution was needed in going out to attend the meetings or on necessary business. Accordingly, when the time came for the young girl to make an attempt to be reconciled to her friends, the evening was chosen as the safest hour, and Mrs. Cook accompanied her, with Emile for escort. The young girl was received by her relatives, but no sooner did they understand that it was a Mômier pastor's wife and son who were with her than they drove them from the house with the most insulting language and even with blows. A crowd collected at the first note of disturbance, stones were thrown and all sorts of indignities offered. It needed all Emile's courage and self-control to shield his stepmother from serious injury, but, though his blood was boiling with indignation, he was wise enough to offer no resistance, and finally succeeded in bringing her home in safety.

This was only one of numerous adventures through which Emile had passed when, in the

spring of 1847, the Vaudois government notified Mr. Cook that a decree had been passed expelling him from the state. He had had reason to expect it, and, indeed, it would seem that his work could no longer usefully be carried on in the midst of such a conflict.

To Emile the edict was a severe blow. It was hard for him to leave the many friends whom he still had in Lausanne, harder still to break off those studies in which he was beginning to distinguish himself; but there was no alternative. The family must be broken up for a time. Paul was already in England, pursuing his theological studies. To Mr. and Mrs. Cook no settled home was, for the present, possible, and Emile was sent with his two sisters to find a home with their grandparents at Montauban. It need hardly be said that the young exiles were received with open arms.

## VII.

*“CALLED, AND CHOSEN, AND FAITHFUL.”*

**E**MILE lost no time in resuming his studies. He had no sooner arrived at his grandfather's than he set diligently to work, attending several courses of lectures in the theological seminary at Montauban, and also studying by himself to complete the interrupted college course.

There had never been a time since Emile Cook could remember anything when he had not wished to be a minister. He was indeed a born pastor, as his child-life shows. As he grew older the desire became stronger. He had already done everything short of preaching—had taught in Sunday-school, held prayer-meetings, worked among the poor, and laboured personally with his playmates to bring them to Christ. Now he also began to preach, although only eighteen years of age.

At Meauzac, a village not far from Montauban, lived an uncle of his who was pastor of the Reformed Church, which is one of the established churches of France, the Roman Catholic, Lutheran, and Jewish being the others. When this uncle invited Emile to preach for him he was in great distress. Notwithstanding his practice in leading prayer-meetings, he was exceedingly timid about speaking in public. Still, he did not think of declining, and in spite of his fears was thankful for an opportunity to begin what he loved to think his life's work.

The Sunday of his first sermon was a momentous day to him. We will let him tell the story of it, as he does in his journal :

“My uncle waked me about half-past six. I slept for half an hour longer; then I chose my text, and meditated upon it for about an hour after breakfast. I committed to writing an analysis of my sermon and a few reflections. At noon I went into the pulpit, speaking for the first time in gown and bands in a church.”

Having given so little time as this to the

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preparation of his sermon, we need not be surprised to read the rest : " When I went into the pulpit I trembled with fear. I began, however, to speak with considerable freedom upon ' Enter ye in at the strait gate,' etc., but presently there was a moment when I did not know what I was saying. I suffered horribly, having forgotten what I meant to say next, and even what I was talking about. However, God had pity on me and restored me my senses, so that I was able to finish without absolutely breaking down. I felt fatigued and quite overcome until the second service, when I was enabled to speak with considerable freedom upon the sacrifice of Isaac."

After having run such imminent risk of a catastrophe, one might expect that Emile would have given up the idea of speaking extempore, and have taken to writing his sermons in future; but this was not the case. He felt convinced that for him, at least, to speak extempore was the only way ; with his excitable temperament he could hardly have kept to the written words

had they been before him. And he felt that his best preparation for preaching was much meditation and prayer, that he might speak from a full heart and under the influence of a strong conviction. With such a system of preparation as his, only those resources of a ready flow of *words*, a deep and thorough familiarity with Scripture, and a heart filled with the love of souls, which were so signally his own, could have kept him from degenerating into an inferior preacher. But with these gifts he was able to keep up, until the close of his life, a style of preaching always interesting, always varied, always sympathetic, and often eloquent with the flights of irresistible love.

The sermon at Meauzac was, I believe, Emile's only attempt at preaching during that summer at Montauban. His time was mostly spent at his studies or in excursions through the beautiful country around the town, sometimes accompanied by his sisters, and at other times alone.

One day, as he was walking on the bank of

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the river Tarn, he heard a loud cry for help. The cry came from a man who was struggling in the water. In an instant Emile had thrown off his coat and was swimming toward him. Sustaining the man with one arm, he tried to swim back with the other, but the current was rapid and the man's weight far too great for his strength. Emile felt that both must perish unless he made some new effort. A thought suddenly occurred to him. It needed but a moment to explain it to the man, who, fortunately, had not lost presence of mind. Summoning all his strength, Emile gave the man a vigorous push in the direction of the shore. The reaction sent Emile to the bottom, but he came up again, and near enough to the man to repeat the experiment. A third strong push brought the man to where he found standing-ground, and his life was saved.

Emile was so nearly suffocated by this exertion of strength that it was long before he could breathe freely. He went home quietly at last, and changed his clothes, saying nothing

of the circumstance to any one. But his friends did not long remain in ignorance of it. The heroic act created a great sensation in the town, and it was not long before the news of it had reached his grandfather's house. This was the third time that he had saved a drowning person, and it was by no means the last life he saved. To devote himself for another was always, in his estimation, a simple, natural affair which ought to excite neither admiration nor surprise. At Montauban in the Tarn; at Paris during the Siege and the Commune; upon the Atlantic Ocean in a sinking ship,—he risked his life, not recklessly, not indeed without a struggle for self-preservation, but always without the slightest hesitation. The young student's act was a prophecy of what the man, the pastor, the friend, would be.

On leaving Switzerland, Emile had applied to the Minister of Public Instruction at Paris for permission to take his bachelor's degree in France. Such a permission was necessary, as at that time no one who had not pursued his

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studies in that country was permitted to take a degree in any French university. The desired permission was granted in the month of August, and Emile hastened to Nîmes, where his father was again living, arriving in time for the examinations at the close of the summer term. After taking his degree he remained at home for a year, busily engaged in study and in preaching.

And now came the time when Emile must make the most momentous decision of his life. He had never thought of being anything but a pastor ; but of what Church ? Should he go either into the National or the Free Church of France, among men of culture and influence, where a brilliant career seemed ready to open before him. He would be warmly welcomed in either. Young as he was, his fine talents and his remarkably beautiful Christian experience had made him a marked man. Almost any institution of learning in the country would have opened wide its arms to receive him. But to Emile the life of a Methodist pastor, which

had been the calling of his beloved and revered father, and which at that time, far more than at present, was a life of fatigues and privations, was an irresistibly attractive one.

The missionary-work which this Church of his father's and of his own early life was then carrying on enlisted all the ardour of his enthusiastic nature; his bright, genial temperament fitted him to exert a lasting influence over men sunk in ignorance and depravity. The prospect of a life of devotion to such a work filled him with joy. He saw, beyond the simple task of preaching the gospel to the poor, a nation to be roused, the leaven of a new life to be introduced into the old Protestantism, so long kept down by the icy coldness of despotism. He believed that Methodism was the means which God had appointed for this glorious work. “I would live and die for so grand a cause,” he writes in his journal. Those who knew him were no more in doubt than he as to his call to the work. Therefore, when in January, 1848, he presented himself to the

quarterly conference of his circuit, and a month later to the district conference, to obtain the necessary credentials for being received as a candidate and sent to the theological school at Richmond, England, they were unanimously accorded without discussion.

## VIII.

*“STRONG IN THE LORD, AND IN THE  
POWER OF HIS MIGHT.”*

E MILE'S joy on receiving his appointment was unbounded. “I bless Thee,” he writes in his journal, “that Thou hast thus ordered all things to bring me completely into Thy service. Thou makest straight my path; blessed be Thy Name !”

He now set to work with the utmost ardour, reading hard through the week and spending his Sundays in the work of a missionary. He had a happy faculty of turning everything into an occasion of directing the thoughts toward religious things; it seemed impossible for him to be in the company of any one, though but for a few moments, without saying some good word which sank deep into the heart. This he did not cantingly, nor putting on a ministerial

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manner, but simply because his heart was so full of thoughts of God that it could not help bubbling over on all occasions. He was one of the happiest Christians who ever lived. Let us follow him through one of his Sundays as he describes it in his journal :

“ By the grace of God this has been for me one of the ‘ days which the Lord hath made,’—a day of precious blessing to my soul. I spoke upon the words, ‘ Who was delivered for our offences,’ etc. While speaking of the promises of God and of sanctification, exhorting others to seek it, I felt myself impelled to seek it for myself, and I made a resolution to do this with my whole heart.

“ After dinner I attended the love-feast conducted by Mr. Ozier, and, after having spoken, I set forth again about three o’clock. While on the road I talked with a teamster upon the duty of obeying the divine commands and the sin of not observing the day of rest. I then lifted up my heart to God to ask that these words might not be lost upon the young man.

He will surely grant my request. I passed the rest of the time while on the way in meditating on the promises of God.”

Emile’s missionary-work often rendered long walks necessary, and the time thus spent was not lost. Either he was making the most of it by conversing with those he met upon the way, or he was lifting up his heart in sweet communion with God. In such hours his joy was very great.

“The Lord is good,” he wrote on Sunday evening; “this is my experience every moment. Oh, what bursts of ineffable joy, of celestial happiness, of sweet peace, I often experience! I feel myself transported with love for my good God.”

He made friends wherever he went, even among those who cared nothing for religion, and he had a gentle, fearless way of pressing the truth upon such people which made them like him the more. At a village called Vergèze, where he used sometimes to preach, he was one day invited to dinner by a gentleman who was

quite irreligious. On rising to take leave Emile said to him, "Will you not come to the meeting with me?"—"Oh, no, thank you," replied the host. "But you have done good to my body," urged the young man; "I should love to do something for your soul."

The winter passed away and spring drew on, bringing still greater encouragement to the young student-missionary.

"I had a pretty large meeting at Vergèze to-day," he writes, "although there were only eleven persons present when I began. I spoke with great freedom upon 'This is the victory which overcometh the world, even your faith.' Some souls seemed to be touched, and after the sermon we had a good prayer-meeting, in which several persons, convicted of sin, wept and prayed. I felt myself happy beyond expression, and powerfully encouraged."

Emile's health had steadily improved since his sixteenth year; still, his constitution was delicate, and such constant labour wore upon him. He began to feel weary, and though his

joy in his work increased daily, yet at times the thought came over him that it was not to be for long. But even so early his will seemed to be wholly merged in the will of God.

“I awoke this morning with a serious sore throat,” he wrote; “I set out for Cadogan notwithstanding, as I was to preach there at two o’clock, and spoke with little comfort to a very cold audience. I spent about two hours at Mr. Farjat’s, and he accompanied me half-way to Vauvert. We conversed upon preaching and its fruits, as also upon the grounds of a pastor’s encouragement or discouragement. I arrived at Vauvert in a very unfavourable condition physically, but God taught me that when I am weak then I am the strongest, for I was under a blessed influence while preaching. I said to myself at one time, ‘If God should withdraw thee from the world, oh how happy wouldst thou be to escape so many miseries, anxieties and trials!’ And this thought of death is a sweet thought to me.”

But death was not yet the way by which God

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wanted Emile to glorify Him. The young missionary's strength rather increased with advancing summer, and he went on with his work with ever-fresh delight. Still, with all his gifts and his Christian graces, he needed theological training to develop him and make him capable of his best work. He felt this very much, and was glad when the time arrived to turn his face toward England. In the Methodist theological seminary of Richmond, near London, he passed the next three years.

## IX.

*“FERVENT IN SPIRIT, SERVING THE  
LORD.”*

THE seminary at Richmond is beautifully situated in the midst of a charming landscape rich with historical associations. Emile was delighted with it when he arrived. There is something very attractive in the first view of the establishment, as well as in the magnificent park in its neighbourhood. Everything about it breathes of peace, and invites to study and to prayer. “Richmond is a paradise in the spring-time,” writes Emile Cook, “with its beautiful scenery, its great trees, its verdure.”

In this peaceful retreat Emile was to pass three of the best and most fruitful years of his life. He was nineteen years and a few months old when he arrived in Richmond. He was a tall, slight, fair youth, with something ex-

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tremely winning in his high-bred, graceful manner. His face, framed in abundant golden hair, had an open, sweet expression; in his laughing blue eyes there was a light of ineffable tenderness, which might have given an impression of undue softness of character, but that the lips, so often wreathed in smiles, showed an almost imperceptible movement, a lightly-drawn line, which indicated a will that might on occasion prove as firm as a rock. Never was there a boy more frankly joyous. Emile's character was not in advance of his years: he kept all the tastes of his boyhood, and that grace of God, so manifest in his heart, though it gave him a deep and undisturbed peace, did not destroy his natural ardour.

He did not think that a sombre face and precise manners were the necessary signs of a Christian life. He believed that God was more truly honoured by a frank and a simple gaiety, even though it might at times be somewhat noisy, than by a formal strictness in which sincerity was in danger of being lost. It might

be said that joy in him was the normal expression of a strong, healthy soul under the sanctifying influence of the gospel.

There was not in the whole institution a student so fond of play. He delighted in all sorts of boyish sports—in running races and in long walks. He had an inexhaustible fund of good humour and of fun, and the conversations in which he took part were often interrupted by hearty bursts of laughter at his witty sallies. But with all his playfulness he seemed absolutely not to understand ridicule or raillery: ridicule always astonished him, and if any one undertook to make him the subject of it, the look with which he received it robbed it of its effect.

His fellow-students at first did not know what to make of him. They thought him frivolous, or at least not so grave and thoughtful as became the future clergyman. They were, in particular, horrified at his gymnastic feats, which every schoolboy in France learns to practise as a matter of course. At that time

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the Methodists in England felt it to be their duty to separate themselves from the world by refusing to participate in anything like worldly pleasure. Even the professors were scandalized by Emile's acrobatic feats. He was informed that things were different in England from Lausanne, and that the students at Richmond must content themselves with walking for exercise. Emile gave up his gymnastics with the utmost good nature, although he could not help asking himself where was the moral difference between a walk and a gymnastic exercise. His good spirits, which he found it necessary to restrain in public, effervesced in his home-letters until even his brother Paul thought it his duty to remind him of the dignity proper to a theological student. This is how Emile answers his brother's letter of reproof :

“ You take this tone, do you, my respected elder? Very good! or, rather, Very bad! I shall remember, in future, in playing with the cat, to look out for her claws. Indeed, I do

deserve a cuffing for writing such nonsense. You have given it to me: so far, so good; let us be friends again.

“I am indeed gay, happy, light-hearted, and, which is of more consequence, really rejoicing in God. I enjoy His peace, and feel that I have true communion with Him when upon my knees I approach Him with the freedom of a son before his father, and the holy fear of a sinner before his God. I was abundantly blessed at the communion last Sunday. I sincerely believe that God wills my entire sanctification, and that He can accomplish it; but I do not perceive the tokens of it. I am frivolous, idle, and vain. Yet while inciting myself to further progress, I dare not despise what God has already wrought in me. I believe I may say that I love God better than any object upon earth. Blessed be His holy Name!”

At this period of his life Emile Cook had a vast ambition. He had bitten into the fruit of the tree of knowledge, and found it sweet;

to his taste. Conscious of his great natural gifts, he felt the desire burn within him to distance his fellows, to distinguish himself, to make himself a name, to shine. "When I went to the university," he said, "I felt my ambition aroused; I wished to distinguish myself in the world of letters. But, one thing before all, to work for the salvation of souls."

While the wish to excel in letters was so strong within him, another still greater desire had possession of him—the desire after perfection. "I think," he wrote to his brother, "that we ought to aim at nothing short of perfection—at excellence in all that we do: let us not be satisfied cheaply."

Emile had no suspicion that in this longing after perfection there could be mixed a desire for earthly glory. Later he thought that there had been, and he regretted it deeply. When further on in life and experience, he came to care little about receiving honour from men, and longed simply to be thoroughly conformed to the will of God. At this time it was not so.

Now, on his arrival at Richmond, he formed great projects. He had been much more thoroughly prepared than the majority of his class-mates. They, coming from home-training or from the inferior private schools which were the best to which the dissenters from the Church of England of that day had access, brought nothing to compare with what the magnificent drill of the academy of Lausanne and the public schools of France had given to Emile Cook. Emile at once and in the nature of things took high rank in his class, and, knowing as we do his talents and his temperament, we are not surprised to learn that he proposed to try for honours, and that he immediately began the extra studies which were necessary to such an end.

Yet with all this literary zeal and desire for fame, his missionary-work, the work of his life, was not for a moment neglected. He began preaching at once as he had opportunity, and had been but a few months at Richmond before his labours had met with such favour that he

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was called upon to preach regularly, and sometimes two or three times, on a Sunday. Although he had been in the habit of speaking English more or less from infancy, yet as his studies and his thinking had always been carried on in French, he was often at a loss for English words which would clearly express his meaning. This very much increased the difficulty of preaching extempore: he would sometimes be so much engaged in searching for the proper word as quite to lose the train of thought, to his great humiliation.

“I am convinced of one thing,” he writes, “that I must not seek to be admired. I must give up all thought of that, and must expect, on the contrary, to make many mistakes: in a word, to do anything but *shine*. But if the Spirit of God fills my heart I may do good.”

When he had been six months at Richmond he wrote to his father: “I am very busy; they do not spare me. Since my last letter I preached twice the 18th of March at Denham, and walked fourteen miles. The following

Sunday I preached twice at Feltham, presided at a class-meeting, and walked thirteen miles. The 1st of April I preached twice at West Drayton, held a Bible-class, and walked twenty miles. Though my body was tired, and I was not encouraged in all respects, still, I feel that I have the approbation of God. The evening meeting gave me pleasure and did me good. I preached on ‘My son, give me thine heart,’ before about sixty people, with much freedom, and not, I believe, without unction. After the service I walked back, ten miles, in the darkness and rain, and although I had been confined to my room with a cold all the preceding week, I have felt no ill effects from this walk.”

“I preach as often as any one now,” he writes to his brother, “and it is to my detriment and that of my hearers; for, having no time to study new sermons, I preach the old ones over and over again. I am happy, however, in this work, and feel that it is that to which I am called.”

It is difficult to understand how with so much missionary zeal he managed to get along with

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his studies. The one did not, however, interfere with the others. When the examinations came he was able to write to his sister, "I have finished my examinations, which passed off very well. The professors were extremely well pleased. They tell me that there have never been better at this institution."

## X.

*“PERFECTING HOLINESS IN THE FEAR OF GOD.”*

**I**N the midst of Emile's preparations for the examinations, which he passed so successfully, had come a terrible blow. It was the year 1849, the dreadful cholera summer. Emile's family had lately removed to Paris, and there his younger sister, his darling little Hannah, was attacked with the pestilence and died.

Since his mother's death Hannah had been especially the object of Emile's love and care. He had petted and played with her, had watched over her studies, and had, above all, been careful for her soul. He had rejoiced in her early conversion, had gloried in her uncommon talents, and was, like all her family, looking forward to a brilliant future for the

gifted child, when at twelve years old she was suddenly snatched away. Many hearts bled for her loss, and among them all not one was more sorely wounded than Emile's.

“My heart is torn,” he writes in his journal; “I can do nothing but weep. Last Friday my dear little sister was ravished from us by the terrible cholera. Her last words, papa writes, were the expression of her love for Christ Jesus, and regret at not having loved Him more. Blessed be God that He has taken her to Himself!

“I have borne this dear child on my heart, most especially since her return to Paris, and have felt impelled to pray often for her. God be praised that He has heard my prayers! Oh, how much better for her to be in heaven with the Lord! I would not recall her. . . . The youngest, she is first to enter the harbour. Would we seek to recall her to the storm? I feel, for my part, that to be with Christ is the best thing, and I shall look upon the day of my own death as my best day. Yes, I love

my sister well enough to rejoice in her blessedness.

“ And yet, when I remind myself that I shall see her no more on earth, that when I rejoin my family one place will be vacant, my eyes fill with tears and my grief is bitter. Oh, is it not because I have not yet submitted to the will of my Father? that I have still another will, other desires? that I do not in all things find His will good and agreeable and perfect? May God sustain us all! may He turn to the good of our souls this severe dispensation of His providence! She has profited by the exchange; may we profit by our loss ! ”

It was thus that Emile received this sorrow, and his religious life was strengthened and ripened by the trial. While his submission to God’s will became more perfect, his love for his family grew more deep and tender; he longed for them more than ever. He begged his father to permit him to return home for the summer vacation, not dreading the cholera, if only he might be once more with his family.

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He had become very popular, and many were the invitations he received to visit friends in Brussels, in the Channel Isles, and in various parts of England, but he declined them all, and would go nowhere but to Paris. While there he became more than ever attached to his father, whose quiet, reserved but strong character he was learning more and more to appreciate.

“My father came to my room this morning to write,” he says in his journal. “It was a singular pleasure to me to have him in my room. I could not cease from looking at him.” On his father’s birthday he wrote him a note of congratulation. “My heart overflowed,” he writes in his journal, “in speaking of my gratitude and of the love of my heart for him, and my tears fell fast while writing.”

Emile returned to Richmond at the close of the summer vacation, and once more plunged headlong into work and study. If at any time his heart had been turned aside from the highest aims by a desire for earthly glory, it was so no

more. The longing for entire sanctification took once more complete possession of him ; every effort of his soul and mind was bent upon the attainment of this blessing. Like many of his denomination, he believed that perfection might be attained in the present life, and that it should be the object of every soul ; he himself never thought that he had attained it, although it was the constant effort of his life to do so. Perhaps it was that, instead of bringing down his ideas of holiness to suit his own character, as some people do, his views of the beauty of holiness grew more perfect as he advanced in the Christian life. Now, while in the seminary at Richmond, in spite of his numberless occupations, he kept up the daily struggle with sin, and persevered in the closest communion with God.

“Oh, how I long,” he writes in his journal, “for a clear evidence within me that I am purified from *all sin*! I have sought the Lord, and He has blessed me, but I desire a clearer and more perfect manifestation of His love, that

I may feel assured that I love God with all my heart, with all my soul, with all my strength, and with all my mind. To this end I have been praying all day, and though I do not believe myself to have received a direct answer, I am happy and filled with sweet peace."

Communion with God and many prayers by no means interrupted his work. With his usual ardour he overloaded himself with duties. Besides his regular studies in the theological course, he was still pursuing the extra-classical reading necessary for the honours which he still desired to win at the final examination. As he was now frequently called upon to preach in London before large congregations, he devoted much time to studying not only his sermons, but also the English language, which he succeeded in mastering thoroughly. He was secretary of the debating society, monitor of the seminary, and besides all this had a class in French, to which he gave two lessons a week. To carry on such an amount of work Emile very unwisely deprived himself of sleep, rising between three

and four o'clock every morning. An iron constitution could not have endured such a strain, and Emile's was far from being of iron. He began to suffer from headache, but he struggled on until at last his sufferings became unbearable. A long illness followed; he was in imminent danger of a return of the brain fever which had once before so nearly proved fatal.

His life was spared, but at the cost of many precious weeks which he could ill afford to lose. It was his last year in the seminary; every hour, he felt, was golden, but he was forced to leave England and spend several months in Paris and Brussels before he could safely resume his studies. In the spring he returned to Richmond, still weak in body and still subject to dangerous attacks of headache.

All hope of honours must now be given up; he would be thankful enough if he could struggle along, with aching brain and weary body, through the studies necessary for his degree. He succeeded, however, beyond his hopes. “The Lord has helped and sustained me in

an especial manner," he wrote to his sister at the close of the ordeal, "and I have succeeded far beyond my expectation. The examiners have expressed to me, in the warmest manner, their entire satisfaction with my work."

Thus, after a three years' course, Emile quitted Richmond. He left behind him the reputation for richly-endowed intellect and a rare piety, and he carried away with him a treasure of experience of all kinds which he was not slow to turn to the profit of his life's work.

## XI.

### *“IN JOURNEYINGS OFTEN.”*

IT was no difficult thing to find a field for such a young minister as Emile Cook. It was on the contrary a more difficult matter to choose between the many which offered. Long before the close of his studies he had been spoken for at Brussels and in the Channel Islands. The British Conference, upon which the Methodist Church in France was still dependent, wished to send him to Paris to labour among the English residents there, a post of high importance. But Emile desired none of these fields. He wished to work only in France and among Frenchmen, and it was with joy that he received the nomination to the post of Vigan in the Cevennes.

Emile was filled with holy enthusiasm on receiving the appointment to his work. It

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seemed to him so beautiful, so grand, so holy, that the thought of devoting his life to it thrilled him with delight. The day of his entry upon his first charge he always celebrated as one of the most beautiful of his life.

Vigan was at that time the only station of the Methodist Church in that part of the country, and it was intended to serve as a base of operations rather than a fixed point of labour. Nearly twenty towns, villages, and hamlets were included in Emile's circuit, and he was expected to visit them with a certain regularity. Such a life, active, varied, full of adventure, in which study alternated with journeyings to and fro, suited the young man perfectly.

“This circuit,” he writes, “is certainly one of our most interesting fields. One is constantly in the presence of magnificent scenery, which in many respects recalls the picturesque scenes of Switzerland. Here, beautiful mountains, wooded to their very crests; there, fertile valleys abundantly watered; everywhere the murmur of streams, the song of birds, and all

those confused sounds of Nature which raise the soul toward God. The preacher who returns at daybreak from a village where he preached the evening before experiences a lively pleasure, and feels irresistibly impelled to give glory to God with joy unspeakable.

"This country is not less interesting from a historical point of view. Here the Camisards fought for the holy cause of faith and truth. The mountains, the rocks, the venerable trees, mute witnesses of these sacred struggles, evoke at almost every step recollections of scenes of suffering and acts of courage and heroism." \*

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\* In the year 1686, Louis XIII. revoked the Edict of Nantes by which Henry IV., on his accession to the throne, had secured the rights of his Protestant subjects. By the Revocation the Protestants lost all their rights. They were no longer permitted to hold religious services, their pastors were exiled, their children taken from them at the age of seven years and sent to convents and monasteries to be educated as Catholics. Those who resisted were imprisoned or sent to the galleys, or put to death or to the torture. By such means Protestantism was nearly rooted out of France. But the poor mountaineers of the Cevennes,

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Emile Cook had been but a few weeks among his people before he had won their affection, and in the months which followed he lived in an atmosphere of the most devoted love. Not only his own flock, but the entire population of the district, received him into their hearts. Members of rival churches were

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who were a brave, fierce, hardy race, full of the most ardent enthusiasm for the faith, would not give up their religion. They used to meet in secret, sometimes to the number of thousands at a time, in the wildest recesses of the mountains, not minding frost or snow, over walks of many weary leagues, for the sake of worshipping God as they thought was right. They called this going to "The Desert;" and no one ever betrayed the secret of their meeting-places or the hiding-places of their pastors, who were supposed to be in exile; but sometimes bands of dragoons, scouring the mountains, would come suddenly upon them, killing and wounding and dragging away prisoners to torture or to the galleys. At last, goaded to desperation, the Cevenols rose against their persecutors, organized an army, and for two years maintained an heroic resistance, three thousand of them against six thousand of the king's troops. They called themselves the "Children of God," but were called by various epithets by their enemies. The name by which they are best known, Camisards, is supposed to have come from *camisa*

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united in their love for him ; the pastors of these churches became bound to him for life by ties of the closest friendship. Although at that time Methodists were held in slight repute by the adherents of the National and Free churches, yet their pastors frequently exchanged pulpits with the young Methodist

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or *chemise*, referring to the white blouse which it is said they wore over their dress ; but this is doubtful.

The Camisards lived in dens and caves in the mountains, whence, issuing in regularly-organized bands, they would sweep down upon their foes, led on by their religious teachers, many of whom, men and women, believed themselves to be divinely inspired. They always marched to battle singing the Psalms of David with a wild fervour which struck terror into the hearts of their enemies.

The leaders of the Camisards, Roland, Catinat, Ravanel, and Cavallier, were men of remarkable ability, although uneducated and to the last degree fanatical. They performed prodigies of bravery and daring, some of their exploits being equal to the wildest legends of the days of chivalry. They did many deeds of cruelty in the excess of their fanatical zeal, but none, it must be remembered, equal to what they suffered at the hands of the king's officers, who were highly-bred, educated men. After many a heroic struggle they were defeated (it was the very day of the famous battle of Blenheim) ; Roland was shot

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preacher, or when the rooms in which he held his meetings proved too small for the crowds who flocked to his preaching, they offered their own churches for his use. They united with him, too, in efforts to carry the gospel to those whom it had not before reached.

Emile's life was one of incessant joy and

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on the field ; his companions were taken and put to torture ; Cavallier's life was saved by his little brother, a child of ten years, who was his aide-de-camp and always rode by his side upon a little pony. In the last retreat Cavallier, who, with a remnant of the "Children of God," had fought his way for four hours through rank after rank of the king's army, was at last, in a desperate charge across the bridge, separated from his men, who succeeded in crossing without him. The little brother spurred after them, crying, "Come back ! come back ! you have left your captain !" and rallying them, they again swept across the bridge, rescued Cavallier, and retreated successfully. Cavallier afterward fought many years in the armies of Queen Anne of England.

If the Camisards could have but held out for a little longer after that day of Blenheim, Protestant England and Holland would no doubt have come to their aid, and Protestantism in France would have had another history than that of the long sleep from which, after nearly two hundred years, it is just now awaking.

thanksgiving. With a light heart and a free step he traversed the highways and byways of the mountains, under the ardent summer sun or snow or rain, by night or by day, carrying the glad tidings of redemption into every corner of his vast parish. No journey was too long or too wearisome for him. In prayers, meditation, singing of hymns, in contemplation of the beautiful scenery, the hours flew rapidly by. At the close of such fatiguing days as even few pastors know he takes his pen and writes :

“Oh, how true it is that a look from Jesus, the approbation of the Father, make all things easy ! I have had a fatiguing but a happy day. My soul is watered from on high.

“Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,  
If thou, my God, art near.”

We can best form an idea of Emile's life at this time from his own descriptions. Under the date of March 27, 1852, he writes :

“I have come home to-day tired out and with a swelled face. I think I took cold last Tuesday

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while crossing the mountain. I had spent the whole night in writing, and set out at seven in the morning, accompanied by Mr. Bianquis, who went with me as far as Pont-de-l'Hérault. There we parted, and I began to ascend the mountain. At three o'clock I arrived at the pass of l'Astier, and two hours after I was at the château of Perjurade, but so exhausted by want of sleep, walking, and abstinence—for I had taken only a bowl of milk porridge in the morning—that I fell asleep while making a few remarks upon the chapter I had read, and again in the prayer. I don't know how I kept on speaking without any consciousness of what I was saying, but I came to my senses at last rather suddenly, thanks to a curious expression which might serve as a psychological problem. I found myself asking the Lord to write to us often! This woke me effectually, and I was glad to make the best of the unlucky phrase by asking the Lord to write His laws on our hearts.

“After the meeting I went on to Roncon,

where I took some food and a short nap, and was able afterward to preach without too much difficulty upon the Pharisee and the Publican. The next day I preached at Soudourges, and later at La Salle, where I had a large congregation.

“ Thursday morning I went early to Saint-Hippolyte, where I intended to remain a little while, but a place in a tilbury as far as Ganges being offered me, I set out again about ten o’clock. I got down at Moulès, and spent a few hours among the friends there, who received me with open arms. I held a little meeting, and then set out again, passed through Ganges almost without stopping, and kept on to Saint-Laurent, where I preached the same evening upon Eph. ii. 1, 2, after which I went back to Ganges. The next morning the inflammation in my face was much worse ; however, I preached in the evening, though with little power, upon Phil. ii. I was thankful to reach home to-day and to take a little care of myself.”

But he had little time for rest. He was in

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the midst of a great revival, which steadily increased in interest during his whole stay in Vigan. People crowded to his preaching in such numbers that he was glad to accept the offer of the "temples," or National churches, in the various villages. Better than large audiences was the number of souls turned to God. People of all classes flocked to his preaching: those who had never before entered a place of worship, those who had led immoral lives, those who were steeped in ignorance and brutality,—all were roused by the wonderful outpouring of the Spirit of God through His young servant's means. The revival spread into the National and Free Churches, and the whole district was aroused.

Such a work as this, however, could not be pursued without awakening opposition. People forsook the cafés, the billiard-saloons, the wine-shops and other places of low resort, and the keepers of such places, finding that all hope of their gains was gone, became violently incensed against the young pastor. There were

plenty of rough and brutal men and wild boys who would willingly join in any attempt to put down the meetings.

“At La Salle,” Emile writes to his father, “I had about fifty persons at the prayer-meeting, and plenty of stones at the shutters.”

It was at La Salle that the opposition was most violent. Many a time the peaceable assemblies were troubled by the cries and menaces of a hostile crowd: it was the story of the revolution in Lausanne over again, and Emile had there gained the experience which taught him how to meet it.

“On arriving at La Salle,” writes the young preacher, “we found a crowd of men before Madame Lafonte’s door, and the room in which the meeting was to be held was already crowded. Within a quarter of an hour new arrivals had pressed even to the doors, and barred further entrance; it was evident that a great many had come with the intention of interrupting the service. I began, however, with all the solemnity possible, and after a hymn I read

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the beginning of the thirteenth chapter of St. Luke, and spoke with great seriousness upon the necessity of repentance for every man. The noise, which had not ceased for a single instant, increased more and more. A lighted candle was thrown in at the door and struck the cheek of a young girl. I still tried to make myself heard by raising my voice, but finally, seeing this to be impossible, I closed with a prayer that God would take pity on these poor deluded people. Within half an hour the room was cleared, but out of doors they continued to throw stones and to utter insulting cries, until the *gend'armes* arrived and arrested five young men in the act.

“We did not know of this until a little later, when the parents of the rioters came in a fearful rage to demand that we should give up their sons. Some neighbours interfered between us and them, and offered to serve us as an escort, which offer we gratefully accepted. They led us out of the town with the greatest caution, going by the most unfrequented ways. My

sister and Miss M—— had been somewhat alarmed, and it was a good thing for them to have to take a long walk in the fresh air.”

Such opposition as this only increased the young preacher’s zeal. His first text, while a student, had been, “No man liveth to himself;” and he seemed to have taken these words for the motto of his life. In this first ministry he certainly never spared himself: perhaps he was wrong in this, for his health suffered severely in consequence. But who can say which is the wiser—to give one’s self, body and soul, to a work which appears supremely urgent, or to consider one’s own self, that one’s time for work may thus be lengthened out? Emile certainly was one of the imprudent, and in after years, while as ready as ever to risk life and health in his Master’s service, he blamed himself for the imprudent zeal of his youth, which rendered him by so much the less fitted to serve Him when, in the fulness of his powers, his work would have been far more valuable to his

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Lord and to the Church. Yet he never thought of himself as doing anything extraordinary—certainly not at Vigan. His wonderful success there only filled him with humble surprise.

“I cannot imagine,” he writes to his father, “how I can have found such favour with every one. This passage comes often to my mind: ‘Has not God chosen the weak things of the world to confound the strong? Yes, that no creature may glorify in His sight.’ What love of the Lord, to encourage me thus at the beginning of my career, blessing me in so signal a manner! Pray for your child, dear father, that he may die more and more to himself, and that he may live to the Lord.”

## XII.

### *“FULL PROOF OF THE MINISTRY.”*

IN the midst of this absorbing and richly-blessed work came the order of Conference to remove to another post. To Emile it was like a stroke of lightning. He fell upon his knees with the half-read notice in his hand, and burst into an agony of sobs, which not even the presence of his sister could restrain. It was one of the great trials of his life.

The people were inconsolable. They flocked around him with every conceivable mark of love, of confidence, and of gratitude. His last circuit among them was one long agony, mingled with joy: it was sweet to find himself so beloved, to find so much reason to believe that his work would still bear fruit; but how could he tear himself away from these

dear spiritual children? His very heart was torn in the parting.

The whole Protestant population shared in the regrets of his own people; the pastors especially mourned the loss of a brother so beloved. Thus surrounded by love and followed by tokens of sorrow Emile quitted his first charge, where he had spent two years of such importance to himself. His character had become settled, his faith confirmed; his methods of preaching were fully under his control: his weapons were his own, and he knew how to handle them. It was not a student, but an experienced pastor, who entered upon the duties at Nyons.

In the ancient department of Dauphiny, between the Rhône and the Savoyard Alps, Emile found his new charge. This part of France, like the Cevennes, has its own religious history—a history of deep interest to the world. It was in the secluded, almost inaccessible valleys not far to the eastward of Emile's new circuit that the Waldenses and Albigenses

had endured every variety of suffering to preserve the Christian faith from the heresies of Rome. It is in the Val Louise, not more than seventy-five miles to the north-east of Nyons, on the slopes of the snowy Mount Pelvoux, that the cavern may be found in which thousands of the persecuted Waldenses, having taken refuge there, were discovered and suffocated to death by a huge fire built at the entrance of the cavern. In these mountains the holy Felix Neff had preached and taught, voluntarily enduring the greatest privations that he might rekindle in the descendants of that heroic people the dying sparks of the ancient faith and love.

Such stories are familiar to every Protestant inhabitant of Dauphiny; they must often have been present to the mind of the young preacher as he performed his long journeys on foot, carrying the bread of life to his people.

Emile was not long in winning the hearts of his new flock. He met a warm welcome, too, from the pastors of both the National and Free

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Churches, and the use of the “temple” was proffered to him. For a long time he preached in it every Sunday evening, its own pastor occupying it in the morning.

Mr. Cook’s charge was no more confined now to Nyons, however, than it had been to Vigan. He held stated and regular services in the villages round about, besides making frequent circuits to such towns as Orange, Valence, and Dieu-le-Fit. A glance at the map will show the enormous extent of his parish, for so it may well be called, since, not contented with preaching, he sought to exercise a pastoral influence over the souls of this great people.

“I returned last evening from the circuit of which I wrote you,” he writes to his father. “I have spent two nights in a carriage, have experienced wind, rain, snow, and warm sunshine, have spoken in meetings at Beaumont and Monans, have preached at Pontaix, Sallans, Crest, Dieu-le-Fit, and Bordeaux. I took a severe and troublesome cold, which disappeared as if by enchantment. In a word, I have much

enjoyed the week : it is one of the best I have had for a long time.”

“ To-morrow,” he writes again, “ I must preach at ten o’clock at Taulignan, seventeen kilometres\* from here ; at three o’clock at Valreas, seven kilometres farther on ; in the evening, at Dieu-le-Fit, more than twenty-five kilometres in another direction. In the course of the week I must go to Orange ; last week I was at Valence. This is itinerary pure and simple.”

Thus passed away a busy year.

Emile Cook had now been preaching three full years with the most wonderful acceptance, and yet he had never been ordained. According to the custom of the Methodist Church at that time, the candidate for ordination must submit to a long test of his fitness for the work before the final step might be taken which admitted him into the ranks of ordained ministers. Mr. Cook had often begged that his

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\* The kilometre (= 1000 metres) is a French measure of 3280 feet, or about two-thirds of an English mile.

probation might be shortened. The perpetual revival in which he had found himself made it seem almost necessary that he should fulfil all the duties of a pastor. But Conference had not thought it wise to set aside the usual rules. He had been nearly nine months at Nyons when he was called to Nîmes to receive the imposition of hands. He was then just twenty-five years old.

Although his whole life had been a preparation for this solemn day, yet the weeks which preceded it were especially devoted to prayer and meditation. His consecration seems to have been complete; no thought of self appears to have entered his mind; it was as if he lived and worked only in the sight of God, with no respect to human praise. All the visions of earthly glory which had once dazzled him, all dreams of shining in the sight of men, had been lost in contemplation of the ineffable glory of God, to promote which was henceforth his one ambition.

The day of his ordination was a solemn and

interesting one for the Christians of Nîmes. The little child who had lived among them and tried to lead his playmates to Christ, the youth who had laboured among them for the good of souls, was known and loved by all. The most important step of his life was now to be taken, and from miles around they gathered to the holy festival. The Methodist chapel was filled to overflowing an hour before the appointed time. The father of the young candidate was President of Conference, and on him fell the duty of preaching the ordination sermon. His deep emotion while so doing was shared by all who listened. Then came the moment when, according to custom, the young candidate must himself relate the circumstances which led him to enter the ministry.

With a broken voice, which gained strength as he forgot himself in the earnestness of his narration, he told of his early conversion to God in the very house belonging to the chapel where he now stood ; of his long desire to enter the ministry ; of the obstacles which had

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seemed to oppose its fulfilment ; of the heart-conflicts he had undergone because, during three years of constant preaching in England, he had seen no fruit of his labours ; of his deep joy in the abundant blessings which had since been poured out upon his work in France.

His recital ended, he knelt to receive the laying on of hands. Twelve ministers, of whom one was of the National Church, joined in this solemn ceremony ; and Emile Cook arose an ordained minister of the Church of Christ.

### XIII.

*“ALWAYS ABOUNDING IN THE WORK OF  
THE LORD.”*

THE ordination was followed by another step, and one no less momentous, in the young pastor's life. Since his childhood he had known Hélène de Jersey. Her father was his father's oldest friend and his coadjutor in establishing Methodism in France. The children had been brought up with the same views of life, the same aims ; the same desire to do good animated them both, and it was the most natural thing in the world that they should early learn to love one another. They were married not long after Emile's ordination, and together returned to the work in the Drôme, as the district surrounding Nyons is called.

Emile now found his life very much changed. With all his lightness of heart and enjoyment

of his work, he had often been oppressed by loneliness. He had not known, either, until he began to enjoy being taken care of, how much he had needed a wife to take care of him. As that wife is still living, it is not fitting that we dwell in detail upon the family-life which for the future made up Emile Cook's earthly joy. If he had been happy before, as he certainly had been, his happiness was doubled now. Every month and year increased the love of this husband and wife, and years afterward Mr. Cook often used to say, "We are still in our honeymoon."

The new happiness did not turn the young pastor's affections from his people. His wife began at once to share his cares and labours. She took upon herself to watch over the women of their large parish, and especially over the young girls, many of whom had been converted in the long revival. To the incessant journeying and preaching, which alone would have been enough for any one man, Mr. Cook now added Sunday-schools, class-meetings, and prayer-meet-

ings without number. He considered these as of more importance than his preaching services, and visiting from house to house the most important of all. His strength seemed inexhaustible. His joy in the work lent wings to both soul and body, so that for a time weariness and discouragement appeared alike impossible.

Absorbed though he was by his work in the valleys of the Drôme, he did not forget the “dear souls” in the Cévennes. To their prayers he attributed the success which God had granted him in his new field. He kept abreast of the life of those well-beloved churches, and continued to encourage by letter those who needed help. Though so distant, he seemed to know by instinct when a soul was in danger, and was ready with his word of warning. These people had been left for a time without a pastor, and his concern for their welfare was the greater on that account.

In the enthusiasm of his work Mr. Cook seemed to forget that he was mortal, and that bodily weakness must sometimes be taken into

account. Not the recollection of his childish ill-health nor the remonstrances of his wife were enough to prevent his committing such imprudences as must inevitably have told upon his health. Even the warnings given by occasional attacks of illness were unheeded. Again and again he rose from a sick bed, no matter what might be the weather, to go five or six miles to hold a promised meeting. But this he could not continue to do without serious consequences.

“A great trial has come to me,” he writes December 24, 1854—“yes, a real trial. For the first time in the fourteen months I have been at Nyons, I was too ill to perform my Sunday services. And this is such an important time! To-morrow (Christmas) I was to have preached at Vensobres to many souls who rarely hear the word of God, then give the communion; and at three o’clock I should have preached at Nyons to such an audience as one only has on Christmas day; and yet, according to all appearances, I shall be nailed to the chimney-corner, if not to my bed.”

So the letter began; the following evening he took up the pen to add, “It is with great joy that I close this day. God has made me feel, and more wonderfully than ever, that His strength is manifested in weakness. I had said to the Lord, ‘If Thou givest me a comfortable night I shall believe it to be Thy will that I go where I am expected.’ This morning my throat was still in a bad condition, but I had had a good night. I therefore made ready to go. At half-past nine a friend was before the door with a carriage, and we set out, arriving in good season. The church was already overflowing. God gave me grace to speak with more strength than usual, and the attention was excellent. The communion followed. Without stopping to rest, we set out on our return, and while still between two and three miles from Nyons we began to meet persons of the congregation who were watching for my return to learn if I should be well enough to preach. I went immediately to the temple, where I preached upon 1 Cor. ix. 15. Oh,

how good the Lord is! He gives strength to the weak, and raises up the heart which is cast down."

Thus the young man congratulated himself upon an imprudence the consequences of which he was to feel through life. A severe attack of quinsy followed ; it lasted only a few days, but left him with a weakness of the throat which was never overcome, and with a tendency to a return of the disease which frequently troubled him after this period.

It was not until his third year at Nyons that he began to perceive any falling-off of religious interest among his people. It caused him sore suffering, although the state of things was what many, less accustomed to such success as his, would have considered very encouraging. But it might well be said of him that the zeal of the Lord's house was devouring him. His life was a consuming fire of desire for the glory of God.

"I do not know if it were fatigue, tension of spirit, profound sadness, a powerful influence of the Holy Ghost, or all these combined," he wrote,

“but during our service last night I was obliged several times to hide my face in my hands to conceal my emotion. It was not for myself that I could have wept, but for the souls whom I was exhorting to repent and believe; for my dear sleeping flock; for the sheep which have been entrusted to me and are wandering; for my dear children in the faith, who give me so much sorrow. Oh, what a responsibility is the ministry! O Lord, revive Thy work in the midst of the years!”

With such an agonizing love for souls the young pastor laboured on, and although the revival might have lost something of its first excitement, yet he had the comfort of seeing his church built up and strengthened as it had never been before. His work had indeed been so blessed that Conference had thought it best to permit him to remain a third year at Nyons. Such a thing was at that time very unusual in the Wesleyan Methodist ministry. Although it seemed unfortunate, even at the end of the third year, that Mr. Cook should be taken

from his work, he himself did not expect to be permitted to remain. The parting was a severe trial, but he expected trials in his lot, and he bore them as believing that they were sent in love by the same Father who gave him all his joys.

## XIV.

*“THE SPIRIT OF POWER, AND LOVE, AND  
OF A SOUND MIND.”*

IT would take too long to follow Mr. Cook through all the changing scenes of the next few years. Into the north of France, among a Roman Catholic people, to break up almost untried ground; back to Lausanne, the old boyhood's home; thence to Congénies, his birthplace; and thence to Ganges, near the scene of his first pastorate,—the rapid panorama of his life carried him.

He met with many trials in the course of his work. In Normandy it was the opposition of the Roman Catholics; in Lausanne, the cautious, unsympathetic coldness of the people, which made them slow to enter into his enthusiastic plans for the good of others; in

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Congénies, difficulties with churches of other communions ; in Ganges, internal dissensions.

“ You have thrown me into a furnace,” he wrote to his fellow-pastors of the Conference. But in all these places he was enabled to accomplish the good he sought—to overcome the rigour of Catholic opposition, to arouse and stimulate the quiet Swiss folk, to soothe the quarrels of the excitable southern people. In every place he had the joy of seeing many souls brought to Christ.

He was not without his own personal sorrows. God does not spare His beloved ones all affliction. They who are to be most useful must be taught in the school of suffering ; and Emile Cook was one of those of whom the Lord would have much service. Death came to the happy household, and carried away first the beloved aged father, who had been of the family since they removed to Lausanne, and then the little baby, Hélène, the pet and plaything of the house.

The Lord had a lesson to teach by these two sorrows, and His servant knew that it was so, and set himself to learn it. Tender and sympathetic as he had always been, he was henceforth doubly fitted to carry comfort to those who mourn, since he himself had been most sweetly comforted of God.

While at Lausanne, Mr. Cook devoted himself more especially than ever to Sunday-school work—a department of effort very little understood on the continent of Europe. It was in Lausanne that he had achieved his first great successes as a teacher of children while he was himself but a child.

Now again he found his way to the hearts of the children, and through them to those of the parents, whom he thus first succeeded in reaching. His one aim in Sunday-school work was to turn the hearts of the young to the love and service of Christ; and in this he succeeded, as every one does in an object upon which every power of mind and soul is bent. His influence over them all was un-

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bounded. He knew just how to produce a lasting impression upon their hearts.

On a certain beautiful June day all the Sunday-schools in the canton of Vaud were assembled for a monster Sabbath-school celebration. A noble lady had thrown open her magnificent park for their reception. More than four thousand children, with their teachers and relatives, had assembled. Few of the number had ever been in such beautiful grounds. The most joyous excitement prevailed : the children ran hither and thither, shouting, screaming, expressing the animation of the moment in every possible manner.

As the hour for the collation drew near it was desired to gather the happy company together for some short religious service. To assemble the children upon the lawn before the château, in sight of the well-spread tables, was an easy matter—to keep them quiet was quite another thing. One after another, the would-be speakers appeared upon a balcony of the château and tried in vain to make

themselves heard. At length Mr. Cook presented himself. In his hand he held a little book, one of those collections of Scripture texts for every day in the year of which, probably, every French Protestant possesses a copy.

“My children,” he cried, in that bright, cheery tone which always drew attention to his first word, “are you hungry?”

“Yes! yes!” responded a thousand voices at once.

“Well, I am going to give you something to eat.”

“Ah!” A murmur of satisfaction greeted this announcement.

“What is this I hold in my hand?” asked Mr. Cook, holding up the little book.

“*A Daily Food!*” shouted all the voices with one accord.

“Exactly. And I have found some food in it to give you.” Then, reading the text for the day, he so addressed himself to the hearts of the restless little multitude before him that they soon forgot both play and dinner, and

listened earnestly till the last word was spoken and he had dismissed them to the waiting feast. The impression made by his words was solemn and lasting, and to this day, if the name of Mr. Cook is mentioned in the canton of Vaud, it will most probably be met by the question, "Was it he who spoke at the Sunday-school festival at Allaman?"

With Mr. Cook's removal to Congénies came a return to the old methods of work he had followed in his early pastorates. Long tours on foot, preaching every day once, and often twice, talking to every one he met upon the road, never losing an opportunity to let fall the good seed, were alternated with faithful care of the central church, with its Sunday-schools, prayer-meetings, and classes. While upon his circuits he was at home wherever he went. The moment he had crossed the threshold of the door all the family interests where his and he was part and parcel of the household. The affectionate interest with which he entered into the petty details of daily life gave him



the stronger influence when, with that rare faculty of his, he sought to make of even the most trivial family events the means of turning the thoughts to holy things. In a word, his heart, ever “at leisure from itself,” was wholly his people’s; he belonged to them entirely.

His house was as open to them as his heart; he would never reserve a single hour or a single room to himself. The latch-string was always out at the *presbytère*. The women and girls, on their way to the village-fountain, set down their pitchers on the doorsteps and went to the pastor’s study to bid him a *petit bon-soir*. The labourer, coming home from his work in the fields with spade or rake on his shoulder, stepped in for a word of friendly counsel or encouragement.

Yet, though so wholly given to his people, he was a most devoted husband and father. He was not one to throw all home responsibility on his wife. He entered into even the little details of household economy and shared all her cares. There were many children in

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the parsonage, but the busy father was the brightest and merriest child of them all. They remember well the happy playtimes, but they will never be able to realize with what an atmosphere of prayer their father surrounded them from their very birth—with what an almost maternal tenderness he cared for them at night or in times of childish ailments ; they will never realize the intensity of his solicitude for their moral welfare. Every fault, every unfortunate tendency, gave him deepest sorrow ; each victory over themselves was the occasion of a joy too exquisite for words. He knew how to attract them toward religion, and this home, where “Holiness to the Lord” seemed inscribed upon the walls of every room, was fuller of mirth and gaiety than many another where pleasure alone is the chief aim of life.

The difficulties in which the churches of Cevennes and of Ganges had become involved before Mr. Cook’s coming to them caused him great trouble. It needed wisdom and firmness to restore them to a worthy position in the eye

of the public, and untiring love and devotion to bring them into a hopeful spiritual state. In certain villages of his circuit which were quite hostile to the gospel, there were many who openly opposed him, and made every effort to hinder his work, if not totally to stop his preaching.

In the course of one of his tours, having preached in a certain hamlet on the banks of the little river Vidourle, he set out to return to the village where he was to pass the night. There was no bridge over the stream, which he was obliged to cross; the two banks were connected by great blocks of stone placed at regular distances, and sufficiently high to afford passage even when the waters were swollen by the spring freshets. On arriving at this place Mr. Cook became impressed with the idea that some danger was threatening. The Vidourle was unusually high, and the noise of several mills and of a neighbouring waterfall made the passage sufficiently dangerous on a dark night like this.

There were several ladies in the party, and Mr. Cook, especially anxious on their account, begged them to wait while he inspected the stepping-stones. What was his surprise to find upon each of them, just where the foot would naturally be placed, a quantity of dried peas! But for his premonition of danger the party would certainly have been thrown into the water, and at that hour and season of the year the consequences would surely have been most disastrous.

In the end, Mr. Cook, as was to be expected, succeeded in disarming all his enemies. The feeble churches to which he was successively sent were strengthened, and the same revival which everywhere followed his labours took place among them.

In the year 1866, Mr. Cook was sent to Paris, his seventh and last station. Here his duties were multiplied tenfold, and seemed to extend in every direction. Evangelization of the poor, Sunday-schools and week-day schools, building of chapels, meeting committees, collecting

funds,—all sorts of business pressed upon him. The time was all too short even for such an adept in making the most of every hour.

“*Fugit interea, fugit irreparabile tempus,*” he writes to his brother on Dec. 15th, 1868. “Our days are truly like a passing shadow. I presume that as I advance in age I become more alive to the flight of time; but I think, too, that Paris itself, the multiplicity of its occupations, and the immensity of the work to be done, count for something in this sentiment, which at times becomes even painful. Two years and two months I have been here, and it seems to me that I am only just arrived. Moving, journeying; the business concerns of the chapels; the Exposition; the hundreds of visits paid; the thousand and fifty letters written; the thousand and more religious services which I have taken part in or attended; the accounts which I have kept of the thirty or forty thousand francs which have passed through my hands,—have so filled these twenty-six months that I have hardly had time for

reflection, and the days have gone by at high pressure. I do not think I was ever so incessantly occupied, and I certainly was never so pursued, so harassed, by the thought that there are many things left undone which ought to be done."

The correspondence to which Mr. Cook refers did, in fact, extend his parish far beyond the limits of the great city, which in itself offered so wide a sphere of usefulness. He could never cease to feel pastoral solicitude for those who had once been under his care, and he thus retained his influence over all who thought they needed his help. How many letters of warning, of counsel, of encouragement, of sympathy, he wrote during those busy years it would be impossible to say.

Then there were the long journeyings which he took for the benefit of his Church—now to represent it before the English Conferences, now to collect funds for various undertakings, now to open a new field in some other part of France as yet unoccupied. So the flying years went by, and the terrible days of 1870-71 drew near.

## XV.

### *"IN PERILS IN THE CITY?"*

IT is a difficult matter for us, who are of another nation, even partially to realize how Frenchmen, intelligent Christians such as was Emile Cook, looked upon the great question of the Franco-Prussian war. We must, if we wish to understand his views, first attempt to transport ourselves in thought to that period of wonderful apparent prosperity which closed with the outbreak of that war, just ten years ago.

The Emperor, Napoleon III., with his enormous public improvements and his brilliant wars, had kept the people occupied and satisfied. Business was brisk, money was plentiful; the people, accustomed to frugal habits, were growing rich.

There had always been a certain pride of superior civilization among the French which had made them disdain to acquaint themselves with the language or the history of other nations. French, which everybody else was taking so much pains to learn, was their native language; French history, which all the world had long studied with breathless interest, was their own history; their capital was the most beautiful and the most sought out in Europe; their army was the best in the world, their literature the finest, their civilization the most perfect. In a manner, they were indifferent to the culture and progress of other nations: they travelled little, and knew little of the customs and habits of other peoples. For the Germans especially they had supreme contempt as a gross, boorish race, destitute of refined instincts.

Such sentiments as these—which were, almost without exception, those of the common people—were largely shared even by men of superior intelligence, such as Emile Cook. The war they felt to be uncalled for and foolish,

but they never entertained any doubt as to its issue. Mr. Cook, who had formed no idea of the ardent patriotism and the enormous military power of the Germans, would not give up his confidence till the very last. His enthusiastic hopefulness, his patriotism, his trust in God, combined to give him hope when it had fled from every other heart.

The declaration of war had burst upon the country like a thunder-clap. No one, not even the army, had believed that the inordinate ambition and stubborn pride of Napoleon III. would carry him to such a length. At first the whole country seemed stupefied; but when disaster followed disaster; when the army, broken and defeated in one place, re-formed in another only to meet new defeat; when, finally, Napoleon III. was himself taken prisoner at Sedan and carried out of the country, never to return, leaving the victorious enemy free to march upon Paris,—then the people roused themselves once more. A republic was declared, a temporary govern-

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ment formed under the control of a Committee of Public Safety, and the foundation of the wonderful new prosperity of the French people, which has since so surprised the world, was thus laid in the midst of those dark and terrible days.

Those days were as eventful and exciting to Mr. Cook as to every other true-hearted man in Paris. From the moment of the outbreak of the war he was roused to the utmost enthusiasm for his country. His country he called it, although, in fact, he was not a Frenchman. His mother had been a French woman, it is true, and he had been born in France, but his father being English, and he himself not having been naturalized, he was in reality an English citizen. Now, amid the woes of France, he felt his French blood tingle in his veins. "Oh, how truly I feel myself a Frenchman!" he would often say; and it was at this time, when foreign citizenship might have been a protection, that he asked for naturalization.

In the early days of the war he became active in forming an evangelical association auxiliary to the Soldiers' Aid Society. The duties of this association consisted, in part, in furnishing chaplains to the ambulances of the International Soldiers' Aid Society. These ambulances were temporary hospitals, so called to distinguish them from the hospitals established and maintained by government.

Mr. Cook's brother-in-law, M. de Jersey, was one of these chaplains, as were also several other pastors of his acquaintance. He longed to be of their number; his whole soul went out in sympathy with the suffering soldiers. “Oh, if I might go with you?” he said with trembling voice and tearful eyes as he bade them good-bye on their way to the seat of war. It was only the prospect of a siege which kept him in Paris. He had work enough to do there. More than ever his distressed, agitated people needed his ministrations. Besides this, there was work of every kind to do—committee meetings, arrangement

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of ambulances, preparations for the threatened siege, which he now began to believe possible.

Bad news came pouring in from the army. As far as possible, the truth was kept from the people, but flying rumours reached them, and their ignorance of the truth exaggerated their fears. On the 8th of August the department of the Seine, of which Paris is the capital, was declared to be in a state of siege.

The terror which fell upon the people was something frightful. No one knew what measures the government proposed to take; no one knew where the army was nor what it was doing; mystery heightened the excitement of the populace. The state of things in Paris was in the highest degree dangerous. There were not wanting in the city people in the pay of the Prussians who took every opportunity to inflame the distrust of the new government and to incite to insurrection. Mr. Cook, in spite of himself, felt compelled to remove his family from Paris. He dreaded

the parting, and would rather have kept them with him and trusted to God to protect them ; but he felt bound to yield to the wiser counsels of his friends, and took them to the Channel Islands, hastening back to the post of duty as soon as he had seen them in a place of safety.

He had removed his family none too soon. As he approached Paris on his return, while still more than forty miles distant, he saw a long line of waggons, carts and vehicles of all kinds, filled with household goods, provisions, women and children, fleeing from the suburbs of the city. Outside of the city fortifications there lies another city, densely peopled by the lower classes, which, should the Prussians actually invest Paris, must endure all the fury of the conflict. It was from these precincts that this innumerable company were hastening ; and not long after Mr. Cook's return all the remaining inhabitants of the suburbs were called to enter within the fortifications, their houses were

razed to the ground, the neighbouring fields laid waste, the forests burned, and all that could in any way aid or protect the enemy destroyed. The Prussian army was drawing near.

On the 13th of September, Mr. Cook wrote to his wife: "I don't know how many days longer we shall be able to communicate by post. To-day a notice at the prefecture of police warned the citizens that after six o'clock next Thursday morning no one would be permitted to enter or leave Paris without a permit.

"For my part, I believe that if the Prussian army is marching upon Paris, it is doing so by slow degrees, and with great prudence and circumspection. Should it finally arrive, it will be fully a week before the cannon will be heard; and I cannot yet believe that Paris will actually be besieged. Perhaps it is the Emperor William's good pleasure to dictate conditions of peace under the very walls of Paris; and if he takes heed to the counsels of neutral powers, if he considers the state of men's minds in Paris and the desperate re-

sistance which would be opposed to him, and offers an honourable peace, we will accept it. But if he insists on the dismemberment of France we will let him besiege us, and can do him more harm than he thinks for.

“The citizens of Paris are actively preparing for what may come. Upon the boulevards, in the public squares, at the Park Monceaux, everywhere, may be seen civil companies at their exercises ; and at Lyons, Marseilles, Nîmes, and Montpellier, throughout France indeed, the people are arming to come to the succour of Paris. I think that this resolute, determined attitude will make the Prussians reflect, and that they will end by deciding that they will do well to run no risk of losing here the fruits of their hard-won victories.”

“What a solitude am I in !” he wrote again the next day. “I think I shall very soon have enough of it, and that this isolation will weigh upon me. What an agreeable diversion if all the little band should make an irruption into the room to kiss me and say good-night, Alice at the

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head, and the mother bringing up the rear with Charlie in her arms! . . .

“ I have at this moment heard the drum beat ; it beats very often. All Paris is in arms : soldiers are everywhere. Yesterday there was an immense review, which, according to the papers, has much encouraged the people. But what are we to be called upon to witness and to endure ? If Paris is preparing for energetic resistance, the Prussians on their side are preparing to attack us with their united forces.

“ All appearances are in favour of a siege, and of a siege in the immediate future. The National Guards are posted upon the ramparts, the gates are closed, bridges blown up in several places ; many of the forests around the city have been burned, the houses without the walls torn down and all the suburbs utterly laid waste.

“ In the Avenue of the Grand Army there is an encampment of artillery returned from Sedan. I saw a dead horse there, and close beside it another dying. And the poor soldiers, in what a state they were ! My God, how long ? ”

## XVI.

*“IN TUMULTS, IN LABOURS, IN WATCHINGS, IN FASTINGS.”*

“ **S**EPTEMBER 17th, 1870. Last evening, on returning home at half-past ten, I found our two class-rooms filled with *gardes-mobiles*, which had been posted there for the night. There may have been from one hundred and thirty to one hundred and fifty. This morning I gave a New Testament to the captain and to the serjeant-major, and a *Soldier’s Companion* to each private soldier. We had no food to offer them, but how I should have liked to give to each a plate of soup or a cup of coffee! Unfortunately, I had no one at hand to make the necessary preparations.

“ Yesterday a deputation of pastors, about twenty, called upon Mr. Washburne, the *charge d’affaires* from the United States, to carry him

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an address of thanks for what he had done in obtaining so prompt a recognition from his government of the French Republic. He made us an excellent and very feeling response.

"Yesterday, too, I went to visit the ambulance of the Collège Chaptal, which is admirably organized, and I took the necessary steps at the *mairie* of Batignolles to have our school-rooms accepted for an ambulance. They told me that whenever I should have ten beds ready they would give me the hospital flag and the necessary medical help—food to be provided at my own expense. I do not think that that would be a very heavy item, for this ambulance will be only provisional. I intend to have such wounded men brought to it as I may pick up upon the ramparts, and as soon as they are in a state to be removed (they will be National Guards) they will be sent home. I could easily manage twenty or twenty-five beds in the two school-rooms, and, if necessary, twenty more in the chapel and the galleries."

The ambulances to which Mr. Cook alludes

were established in great numbers in suitable places in Paris during the siege. That of Les Ternes—which was the quarter where Mr. Cook lived—was in his house, of which, as is usual, the chapel formed a part. It contained ten beds, and in the course of the siege received thirty-one inmates. These were nursed with such devotion by Mr. Cook and such of his friends as had opportunity to help him that only one of the whole number died. So comfortably lodged were these men, and so kindly cared for, that, as one of them said, they could not have been better off, for they were in the *house of God*. All these men, with one exception, were Roman Catholics, but they cheerfully joined in the daily family worship, each reading a verse in turn. Mr. Cook afterward received grateful letters from many of them, which showed that the good seed thus sown had borne fruit.

The expense of providing for such a number of invalids during a time of scarcity was greater than Mr. Cook at first anticipated. To meet

it he was obliged to undergo serious privations. But the joy of his work would have borne him through much greater sufferings. It was indeed no new thing for him to find his meat and drink in doing his Master's work.

But to return to the early days when Paris, though invested, had not yet been fired upon. The people had, in great measure, recovered their natural hopefulness. They still underestimated the strength of Germany, as much as they overrated the powers of defence of that circle of forts which Napoleon III. had planted upon the heights surrounding Paris. These forts, indeed, in which the people placed such confidence, proved to be useless.

The Prussian artillery was so far superior to that of the French that, without taking the trouble to reduce the forts, they were able to throw projectiles into the city from the greater distance at which they were posted. This was far from being anticipated by the Parisians, however. Mr. Cook expressed not only his own opinion, but the feelings of others, when he

wrote, September 24: “Although invested and besieged, we have as yet encountered no danger, run no risk. We live in hopes that the forts will make good their resistance, that France will rise *en masse*, and that several armies will attack the Prussians in the rear and force them to raise the siege. In any case, Bismark will never dare to bombard Paris; and he will have to come to that or give up, for, after the noble efforts of Jules Favre, we are determined on resistance. We are working hard on the defences, and it is truly wonderful how rapid an apprenticeship the Parisians make in the trade of soldiery.”

The first struggle took place on the 1st of October. Mr. Cook hastened to perform his part in the care of the wounded.

“Oct. 2, 1870.—I was unwilling to leave to any one else the honour of caring for our first wounded. They are here, to the number of four, peacefully sleeping; only one of them, who has a gunshot wound in the breast, coughs from time to time and utters a sort of groan:

his wound may become dangerous, although it does not appear very grave at present. They all seem to be enchanted at finding themselves here, and already understand that they will be well nursed. This evening two of them were reading the New Testament with great attention."

Although, as yet, no gun had been fired upon Paris, food began to be scarce. Beef was hardly to be had, but horseflesh was found to answer in place of it. Such scarcity, however, was sufficient to make the poorer people anxious as to the future. They saw want and starvation nearly approaching, and their excitable minds, already in a feverish condition, were ready to heed the suggestions of those who were dissatisfied with the existing government.

The worst enemies of Paris, indeed, were within the walls. On the 31st of October riots broke out in the city; the mob besieged the Hôtel de Ville, where the Committee of Public Safety was sitting, and finally succeeded in

putting their own leaders at the head of the government and proclaiming the *commune*—that wild dream of an equal division of property which has long haunted the common people of Paris.

*"Oct. 31.—The drums have been beating the general alarm all the evening. I heard it only five minutes ago; it sounds very sinister. What is going on in the centre of the city? I do not know, but it is almost certain that there is fighting at the Hôtel de Ville and elsewhere. There has been an indescribable agitation all day in consequence of the news of the surrender of Metz by Marshal Bazaine, followed in a few hours by the retaking of Bourget by the Prussians. In short, about four o'clock to-day the Commune was proclaimed at the Hôtel de Ville, and at five o'clock, they say, orders were given for the arrest of the Provisional Government, with General Trochu at the head. The revolutionary movement triumphs; the Prussians within the walls, who seemed to have been*

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put down, have gained the ascendency, thanks to the mistakes of the government! They will singularly facilitate the efforts of the Prussians who are without. Poor France!"

"*Tuesday evening, Nov. 1.*—Order is again restored. Thanks be to God, the commune has expired! The Reds were in possession of the Hôtel de Ville only a few hours. The National Guard delivered Trochu and the other members of the government who were detained prisoners. I have hope for the future when I see that our people will not submit to be ruled by intriguers and rioters."

## XVII.

*“NO MAN LIVETH TO HIMSELF.”*

DURING this time Mr. Cook and other pastors and some physicians had formed themselves into three brigades to accompany the ambulance-waggons to the field of battle. The members of the three brigades were, in turn, to hold themselves in readiness to obey the first summons from the Collége Chaptal, which was, so to speak, the centre of the provisional hospitals or ambulances.

*“Friday, Nov. 4, 1870.—Last evening, on coming in, I found a summons to repair to the Collége Chaptal at half-past six in the morning, to go to Bourget, which has been retaken by our soldiers. It would be impossible to detail to you the history of this morning. At eleven o’clock we were on our homeward way—Dr. Cormack and I—bringing three wounded men*

with us in a cab. While we were dressing their wounds a fourth came in to be cared for. So now we have four new patients."

"Nov. 6.—How much longer will this state of things continue? There have been parleys, with a view to an armistice, these last three days, and it was said that the armistice would end in a peace; but our hopes have been defeated. M. de Bismarck loaded the armistice with such severe conditions that the Committee of National Defence has rejected it; and now it is war to the death. We have bread for a long time, and can hold out two months—three months if necessary. Pray God constantly to deliver us.

"It rejoices our hearts and gives us new hopes to see how Paris is rising to the situation. Yesterday the vote upon the confirmation of the powers of the Committee of National Defence was taken. There were more than fifty thousand *ayes* against six thousand *noes*, and that without the least pressure; all was spontaneous and free. Some officers came into our

ambulance to collect the votes. Tickets of *aye* and *no* were given to each of our wounded men ; then an urn was passed from bed to bed, and each one put in the ticket of his choice. Every one voted *aye*.

“With this immense majority the government can go on without fear, and, if necessary, proceed with rigour against the fomenters of anarchy and discord. So one greatest enemy, the hydra of discord, is vanquished, thanks to God who protects us ! May He grant that the foe who besieges us from without may speedily be equally conquered !”

During all this time Mr. Cook, though he continued to write to his wife and family, received no word from them, nor did he know whether his letters reached them. “Ah, if I could by any means whatever receive news of my dear ones !” he writes on November 13. But it was not until the 9th of February, and after many sore tribulations, that a word from them reached him. Still his courage and his trust in God were unfailing.

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“ If only, by the blessing of God, we end by getting the better of the enemy or by constraining him to offer us an honourable peace, we shall not regret the sacrifices we have been obliged to make. Up to this time, we must confess, we have not suffered much. Not a bomb has been thrown into Paris ; food is not wanting ; bread is at nine sous the kilogramme [two pounds] ; there is enough for a long time to come : butter, poultry, eggs, sausages and suchlike have long reached fabulous prices, but one can easily do without them. With a little good management on the part of housekeepers, and a little self-denial, one gets along very well.

“ For my own part, I have been well favoured. My health was never better. I have been able to provide food for my wounded men, for the helpers in the ambulance, and for myself, and no one has suffered the least real privation. Still, I have, so far, had the equivalent of two hundred and forty days of invalids, and it has required no slight sum to provide for all their wants.

“ How much longer can this last ? and what

will be the end of it all? God knows, and I hope in Him, but in Him alone.

“Thank God, Paris is quiet!—no riots, not the least disturbance. Perhaps she resigns herself too easily to the situation. The plans of government are completely concealed from us. We have confidence in its good intentions, but that does not prevent our feeling it strange that no effort is made to break through the iron girdle which our enemies have bound around us.”

“Dec. 3.—I have just been putting some cold compresses on the wounds of two of my patients, and moistening the bandages around the broken leg of a third. Nine of the beds are occupied.

“It is now three days since the decisive struggle began; the great conflict which must save or destroy us is taking place, at the same time, at all points around Paris. We are hopeful. These beginnings have been prosperous, but oh, what blood has been shed! And what a fearful thought, that hundreds of our wounded are dying with cold for want of help, and that it is impossible to reach them!

“ The cannon roar ; there was a great battle yesterday not far from Paris [at Villers and Champigny], in which we had the victory. In spite of privations felt on every side, Paris is full of hope—of enthusiasm even. Will not God favour us at last ? Will He not show Himself compassionate to a people who are making such immense efforts to deliver themselves from the pressure of invasion ?

“ At the Committee on Monday we were warned to prepare for a sortie the following day, and were summoned to meet at the Collège Chaptal at five o'clock. Dr. Cormack proposed that we should take with us two light waggons, which we hired without difficulty. At four o'clock we were up ; at half-past, one of the waggons was at the door. We put into it the hand-barrows, and my valise filled with bread, chocolate, brandy, wine, tea, water, and so forth, for it might happen that we should be two or three days absent. At five o'clock we were at Chaptal. There were twelve other vehicles of the Evangelical Committee, under

the direction of Messrs. Bersier, Lepoids, Arnal, De Pressensé, Paumier, Weiss, etc. ; but, having been notified that the attack had been deferred, we were obliged to postpone our departure until the next morning.

“At seven on the morning of Wednesday we were at the Champ de Mars, where hundreds of ambulance-waggons were collected, and at half-past seven we were on the way to Crétéil, where we found abundance of work. My waggon was filled with wounded : I was about to get in when we heard cries of “The enemy is coming !” A poor wounded man is there on a litter, and no one knows where to put him. I helped to carry him to another waggon—in fact, I believe that I carried him myself—and all this time my waggon is hurrying post-haste back to Paris, leaving me in an icy cold, without overcoat, scarf, or provisions, and at a good hour’s drive from the nearest city gate.”

“Dec. 19.—We have just received orders for a general sortie of ambulances on Wednesday morning. Dr. Cormack and I are required to

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furnish three waggons for our share. I have just called the roll of my forces, and find a *personnel* of eleven—almost four to a waggon. A decisive combat is expected, but, whatever may be the result, we can hold out a long time yet ; and to-day's papers speak of the fifteenth of January as the date, now near at hand, when we may expect to see a provincial army of nine hundred thousand men come to our aid, if only Paris, by prolonging her resistance, will give them so much time to complete their organization."

"Dec. 21—*evening*.—Here I am, returned from a campaign of eleven hours.

"We were half the day pretty near to the scene of action, but only the artillery was engaged, and there were comparatively few wounded. Our evangelical ambulances sent out thirty-three waggons and brought in fewer than a dozen wounded. We are to go back again to-morrow morning. A large number of pastors (twenty-six) met to-day upon the field ; it was an Evangelical Alliance of the best kind—

Reformed, Lutherans, Baptists, Congregationalists, etc.—all working together to collect the wounded and lavish care upon them.

“To-day’s action is only the first of a series of engagements which are expected to bring about a decisive result. I do not think we accomplished great things to-day, and I am uncertain as to what we may expect. The Prussians are strongly entrenched, and are waiting patiently for us to capitulate. The great question is this: Would it be possible to force an opening in their lines and revictual Paris? Food is becoming exhausted. Bread is plenty, to be sure, and we ourselves have until now not wanted for meat; but three-quarters of the population have had difficulty in procuring it, and the mortality of the city is increasing. Delicate women, children, and aged persons suffer from the privations incident to a state of siege. Still, there is no agitation; Paris is marvellously quiet and well-behaved. Oh, if God would deliver us! He is able, and I continue to look to Him and to wait for Him.”

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“Dec. 25, 1870.—The cold continues intense. We hardly know where to get water, for all is frozen. The poor soldiers are freezing by hundreds, and are brought in from the outposts more dead than alive. Since Thursday there are fewer engagements. The poor suffer much, not knowing where to turn for fuel. Yesterday I ran hither and thither for several hours, trying in vain to get coke or charcoal for my ambulance. Now, more than ever, I feel what an advantage it is for you, for our little children especially, to be out of Paris, and I thank the Lord for it, although I daily suffer more and more from the separation.

“Yesterday the enemy at last opened the bombardment of three of our forts, Rosny, Noisy, and Nogent, but he failed completely. The papers say that more than two thousand shells were sent from the Prussian batteries without result. There is talk of holding out two months longer, until March, with the confidence, the almost certitude, that before that time we shall be completely delivered. God grant it !”

“Jan. 1, 1871.—We understand nothing of the progress—or rather of the cessation, the suspension—of military operations. The time when our provisions will be exhausted is put still farther off: it is said now that there are sufficient for two months longer, which will certainly give France ample time to complete her equipments and come to our aid. It is truly miraculous that, under such circumstances, tranquillity still reigns in the city, which has now been three months and a half besieged. The Committee of National Defence is respected, although it is generally thought that its measures are wanting in vigour and in needful boldness.

“Courage! patience! Keep good hope, good confidence! I preached to-day with great liberty upon Isa. xv. 31: ‘*They who wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength.*’ We begin the year with prayer, looking to the hills, from whence cometh our help.”

## XVIII.

*"AS A GOOD SOLDIER."*

THE French people were not alone in thinking that the Prussians would never actually bombard Paris. The whole civilized world shuddered at the thought of such a city, with all its noble monuments and costly treasures of art, being under fire. Those of us who remember that time can well recall the thrill of horror with which we heard of the firing of the first shells into the city. The Parisians themselves bore this trial with more composure than might have been expected.

*Jan. 6.*—All yesterday and to-day," writes Mr. Cook, "the Prussians have been sending their shells into Paris itself. A pretty large number fell in the quarter of Petit Montrouge, at the head of the Rue St. Jacques, and in

the Rues d’Ulm and des Feuillantines, behind the Panthéon. Having been at the prayer-meeting in the Rue Madame, I had an opportunity to see close by, in the Rue d’Assas, the effects of a bomb, the fragments of which had somewhat injured a house. We are very little excited, relatively: every one is persuaded that if the enemy is resolved upon bombardment, it is because he knows not what else to do, and because he hopes by fright to bring us to capitulate before our approaching army can succour us. The effect produced upon the entire population is that of profound indignation, of terrible wrath, which shows itself by the supreme cry, ‘Forward! Down with the barbarians! ’

“While I write to you—it is midnight—I hear frequent explosions: it must be Mont-Valérien replying to the Prussian batteries at La Bergère, near Saint-Cloud. It does not seem to us that the Prussian projectiles can reach as far as our quarter of the city so long as Mont-Valérien is not taken. But we must

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be prepared for everything, and look to Him whose protection is the best safeguard."

"*Jan. 9, 1871.*—Just now they are talking of the effects of last night's bombardment. It is said that five little boys were killed in a boarding-school. M. Hollard, who has just come in, says that he has been obliged to remove his ambulance from the Rue de Chevreuse, because of the heavy rain of bombs in that quarter. The chapel of the Rue Madame, where we were the other day, has been damaged. It is impossible but that an increase of suffering will result from this bombardment, but God will spare us, we hope, and will cut short these days of affliction."

"*Jan. 13, 1871.*—The time is indeed long, but we do not lose courage. Neither privations nor the recent bombardment have occasioned any uprisings. The constancy, the calmness, and the tranquillity of the Parisians are something marvellous. We shall not capitulate. All the sufferings, and even the horrors, which we may have to endure, are not to be com-

pared with what these barbarians would inflict upon us if they could go the length of their designs. Oh, God will not permit it!

“So far, not a single shell has been thrown into our quarter, and we calculate that we are eight or nine kilometres \* from the nearest Prussian batteries. But we must be prepared for anything. The ten beds of my ambulance are all occupied, and I have been able, so far, to feed my whole family, fourteen persons, on an average, without too great difficulty.

“In spite of so many opposing circumstances, we have observed the week of prayer. I have gathered from the meetings the firm and intimate conviction that God is soon to answer our prayers and those which have been offered in our behalf through the entire world, and that our deliverance is at hand. I see nothing, as yet, to confirm this hope, and yet I believe that either the blockade is about to be raised, or that in some other manner success will crown

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\* Five or six miles.

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our efforts and those of the provinces, and reward our patience.

“ Religious services are held regularly in our two chapels twice every Sunday and once during the week. We had two good long watch-nights. But our congregations are becoming small indeed. What a crisis—not merely for France from a political, economical, social point of view, but also from a religious standpoint, for the churches and for the Church! How shall we pass through this furnace?”

“ *Jan. 16, 1871.*—Terrible bombardment all yesterday, last night, and to-day.

“ I am watching in the ambulance to-night, although I have suffered all day with headache, and should have preferred to pass the night in bed; but we have had, for a few days, a case of severe typhoid fever which must not be lost sight of. All the other soldiers have got well, and will quit the ambulance to-morrow to join their respective corps and become *food for cannon* after all we have done to restore them to health. How frightful it is!



“God has abundantly blessed our ambulance hitherto. Not one death among twenty-five sick and wounded whom we have had with us. And—thanks to God and to friends!—I have been able to provide for all needs, and to give them, though in the midst of a siege, good nourishment, sufficient and not stinted.

“All Tuesday night the bombardment was so severe that it kept me awake. The reports succeeded each other rapidly. The noise was terrible.

“On Wednesday, I conducted the funeral of one of the National Guards, who left a widow and five children in the greatest destitution. He was forty-two years old. We had to walk from the Rue Lauriston, near the Arc de Triomphe, to the cemetery of Vaugirard, at the farther side of Grenelle, beyond the Champ de Mars, in a quarter perfectly riddled with bombs. The poor widow was determined to accompany the remains of her husband, although she could scarcely support herself upright. I gave her

my arm as far as the cemetery, whence some neighbours accompanied her home. She thus had time to relate her sad story to me. What griefs! what sufferings! My God, how long?

“The cannon are hardly silent for a moment. Yesterday the list of casualties reached fifty-one killed and one hundred and thirty-eight wounded—among these, eighteen children and twelve women killed, twenty-one children and forty-five women wounded. Amidst it all neither panic nor terror nor trouble of any kind. O God, shorten these days!”

“Jan. 18.—Something new to-day: that is to say, we have not heard a cannon since last evening, and, on the other hand, more than a hundred thousand men marched out of Paris this morning. A great, perhaps a decisive, battle is expected to-night or to-morrow. The summons to repair to Chaptal as *ambulancier* to-morrow morning at six o’clock only arrived at nine this evening, so I shall trouble myself about neither waggons nor provisions, and shall present myself at the Collège to-morrow morn-

ing simply in the character of litter-bearer. As horses are scarce, it was proposed at the committee last Monday to provide leather straps by which we might, in case of need, harness ourselves to little hand-carts, and thus bring the wounded home. However, I suppose that we shall have waggons to-morrow.

“It seems evident that the moment draws nigh when we must strike one grand blow and conquer or perish. There is a wonderful spirit, a heroic ardour, among our soldiers, and especially among our mobilized National Guards. It is marvellous that after four months of siege, of privations, of difficulties of all kinds, far from being demoralized, the population becomes more steadfast every day. Oh, what an admirable people would be this French people if they had but faith !”

“Jan. 19, 1871.—It seems, though nothing positive is known, as if the day had been favourable to us ; but, alas ! how much blood has been spilled on both sides ! At six this morning we found seven or eight great fur-

niture-waggons ready to receive us. I got into one with Dr. Cormack. We went directly to the quay of the Tuileries, and thence, by the Porte Maillot, toward Courbevois and Mont-Valérien. It was not until three o'clock that I brought back six wounded soldiers, whom I undressed and put to bed."

"Jan. 27.—There is a light upon the horizon: things seem to be in a way to be settled—not as we would have wished, certainly, but nevertheless in a less terrible way than we feared. At this moment a three weeks' armistice is almost concluded, with a revictualing of the city, to give time for a National Assembly to be elected, to meet at Bordeaux for the purpose of naming representatives who will be authorized to treat for peace. The Prussians will occupy all our forts, but will not enter the city; the National Guard will keep their arms and will maintain order in the interior; Paris will have a war-indemnity of two hundred millions of francs to pay. It is hard. But, though we would have wished

to struggle to the last, the means of subsistence have failed ; to struggle was becoming impossible.

“ Oh, I hoped that we might not come to this ! God answers our prayers and delivers us, but very differently from what we should have wished, and—capital point for the moral renovation of our people !—all cause of glory is taken away.

“ Without being too selfish, it is surely permitted to ask now, When and how shall we see our well-beloved ones ? In a month ? at the end of February ? in the beginning of March ? The railway-lines will be opened sooner : safe-conducts will be granted to those who wish to go away ; but ought I not to remain to the end at the post of duty ? or could I put some one in my place before peace is really made ? I believe that we must still have patience for a few weeks longer, and—I weep while saying it—that I must be faithful to the end, to the obligations which weigh upon me. I shall wait, if possible, till my am-

bulance is cleared out, till peace is definitely made : but not one day, not an hour, longer."

"Feb. 9, 1871.—At last! at last! Your letters have just arrived. What joy! what comfort! what thanks to offer to the Lord! Yes, thanks, my God, for the favour which in Thy free grace Thou hast shown to me and mine!"

"But I try to write after having read all these dear letters, and I cannot; I am still too much moved. At the moment when they were brought to me I was going out to visit a sick person. I said to myself, 'If you once get to reading, you will have enough for several hours, and the visit will not be made.' So I went and made it, and then, coming home, I established myself in the parlour, in an easy-chair in a good light, and read the whole series.

"Yet a little patience! Soon, I hope, I shall be restored to you, but not immediately; that is not possible. The sentinel must be relieved before quitting his post. I must be faithful to the end, and God, who has so wonderfully blessed us, will bless us still."

*“Feb. 15.—I have twice written to M. Dugand. I should be well pleased if he set out without delay to come and relieve a poor sentinel who has found the night very long, very dark, very cold, and who would fain go to warm and comfort himself among his dear ones.*

*“I am hoping to discharge the sick and wounded who remain with us this week, and to close up the accounts of the ambulance.”*

At last, every duty done, with a peaceful conscience and a heart overflowing with gratitude, Mr. Cook set out for Jersey, where he arrived on the 23rd of February, after a separation from his family of one hundred and seventy days, and after enduring the distresses of a siege the duration and rigour of which had exceeded anything which could possibly have been foreseen.

“Thanks be given to our good God and heavenly Father,” he writes a few days after his arrival, “we are restored to one another!

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What joy ! I have never experienced anything which gave me such an idea of the final and eternal meeting in the Father's house. It is true that the woes of our country and the uncertainty of things have been, all this time, before me, and I have not been able to forget them ; but it is permitted, it seems to me, to one who has done all he could, to lose sight of them so far as ardently to enjoy his domestic bliss. And what bliss ! ”

## XIX.

### *"NOT ACCEPTING DELIVERANCE."*

FOR many days after the joyful meeting with his family Mr. Cook felt oppressed by great lassitude ; the reaction from so many months of anxiety, privations, and sufferings would make itself felt. He took cold, too, and the sore throat from which he habitually suffered was aggravated ; "his inveterate enemy," as he called it, the quinsy, reappeared. "It is a real disappointment thus to be laid up now," he said, "but shall we receive good at the hand of the Most High, and shall we not receive with submission the ills which He sends us ?"

Bodily suffering, indeed, was of little moment to him who was now drinking in such deep draughts of the sweetness of family life. The malady was soon removed, and for a few days the joy of that house was unutterable.

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The well-earned holiday might not, however, be prolonged. Mr. Cook felt anxious to return as speedily as might be to his work, and was preparing to take his family back with him to Paris when the terrible events of the 18th of March brought his arrangements to an abrupt close.

Even in the first hours of reprieve from extreme suffering the high-spirited Parisians had felt the peace with Prussia, with all its humiliating conditions, to be a bitter and unendurable disgrace. As time went on, and to the sufferings caused by loss of property, want of employment, illness resulting from privation, sorrow for the loss of friends, was added the prospect of the heavy burden of taxation necessary to pay the enormous war-indemnity demanded by Prussia, the discontent of the lower classes rapidly increased. It maddened them to see any signs among the upper classes of luxuries which they could not afford ; the idea of paying from their scanty means taxes for the benefit of Prussia goaded them on to desperation.



In their blind agony they lent a willing ear to the wild harangues of Communists and Red Republicans, charging all their woes upon the government and claiming the right of the people to rule. Again the lying dream of Communism and equal division of property took entire possession of them, and six weeks after the raising of the siege of Paris, on the 18th of March,—a day for ever most disgraceful among the bloody dates of French history,—the maddened crowd of rioters poured down from the heights of Belleville and Montmartre to overwhelm the city.

Barricades were thrown up across the streets; the government, appalled at the sudden uprising, weakly abandoned its post and fled to Versailles, leaving the defenceless city at the mercy of the mob. The heads of noble or prominent families were forced to purchase their lives by flight or by adherence to the new order of things. The Count of Paris, at great hazard, saved himself by flight. Death and destruction were everywhere. Our American

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ambassador, Mr. Washburne, alone of foreign envoys remained at his post, and the protection of the American flag, respected even by these fierce bandits, availed to the saving of many lives.

Such woeful tidings as these coming to the Channel Isles, forced Mr. Cook to give up the plan of taking his family back to Paris, but could not cause him to abandon his duty. Neither the entreaties of his friends nor the tears of his children could shake his resolution. "My duty appears to be clearly marked out," he said. "I am better in health; I have nothing more to do here. M. Dugand has left Paris, and there is no one there to take my place. It is painful—perhaps far more painful than the first separation. Pray for me."

It was the middle of April when he re-entered Paris. The city, which he had left proud and heroic even in the face of a foreign conqueror, he returned to find debased and dishonoured under the yoke of the Commune.



His friends, and especially the people of his charge, rejoiced at his return. “Oh, joy!” said the *Evangelist* newspaper of April 16. “Here is Mr. Cook returned to Paris *because there is danger*. That does us all good.” His presence was felt to be a comfort, even to the strongest. His firm confidence, joyful faith, and abounding sympathy were a tower of strength to them all. His early motto, “No man liveth to himself,” had become a part of the very fibre of his being: the bright, exuberant gaiety of his youthful Christian life had been tempered by terrible experience into that calm, unfathomable “joy of the Lord” which was the source of all his strength. To him to live was Christ. As far as any one can see, no thought except the glory of God and the love of the souls for whom Christ died ever entered, as a motive-power, into his life.

The French government, in retreating from Paris to Versailles, had retained command of the army and of the forts which encircle

Paris. Having in vain endeavoured to restore order in the tumultuous city, they now opened fire upon it from the forts built for its defence, hoping thus to reduce the insurgents to obedience. The bombardment was most severely felt in the quarter of the Champs Élysées, which received the fire of Mont-Valérien, and in the Latin Quarter, near the Palace of the Luxembourg, which was exposed to the guns of Montrouge. Les Ternes, where Mr. Cook's home and chapel were, is near the Arc de Triomphe and the Champs Élysées, and was in the thick of danger.

“It is a great comfort to me to be here,” Mr. Cook wrote to his wife on the 17th of April; “I am thankful that I came back to my post. I have done right, I am entirely persuaded, and the incessant noise of the cannonade, the whistling of bombs, that which I hear of the requisitions made in the name of the Commune,—all these move and agitate me less than what I heard and read in Jersey and the uncertainty I felt as to what was

really going on in Paris. Surely there is enough of sorrow and misery here, but things have been exaggerated in many respects. The fact is that the people of Paris are actually wearied and disgusted with the Commune, and submit to the terrible yoke with impatience and a dumb irritation.

“So far, thank God! our house and the adjoining ones have been spared, but the bombs whistle over our heads.

“The hospital flag floats again from our window. One of our school-rooms has been taken for a provisional ambulance. I have, however, nothing to do with it; it is a doctor and his son who are established here to give the first care to any wounded who may be brought here on the way to the Hospital Beaujon. If I can be useful to them I shall do what I can. I was much pleased just now to hear this doctor say, in speaking of the lamentable excesses of the Commune, ‘When people do not believe in God they have nothing to restrain them. It is the

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misfortune of our people that they have no faith.'

"All last week people were on the *qui vive*; they feared the establishment of a Reign of Terror. Thank God! nothing of the kind occurred; and, whether there is really less danger, or whether they are getting accustomed to things, every one feels reassured."

"*April 19, 1871.*—We have been spending more than an hour with Madame C—, the poor young baker of the Avenue de la Grande Armée. She had been taken to the English ambulance, together with her husband, her sister, her baby eight months old, and a cousin, a sailor, who had been wounded before the Porte Maillot, and whose leg it was found necessary to amputate. She displayed heroic courage. It was feared that she must also submit to the amputation of a leg, and now, unhappily, there is much reason to fear for her life. Her sister had her hand crushed, and her husband received a severe contusion on the side; a workman was killed on the

spot; two little children escaped as by a miracle. They were at breakfast when a bomb burst in the very room they were in. Oh, how sad all this is!”

“*April 20.*—The bombardment continues, and our quarter is desolated. In the Rue Bayen a woman was killed and her two children wounded. A bomb fell into our garden yesterday. ‘A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee.’”

“*April 22.*—At times I am weary, discouraged, at seeing the situation ever the same, with no immediate prospect of change. The struggle is incessant. More powder is burned, it is true, than people wounded or killed; still, there are victims enough, and too many. In the city the tranquillity is very great; the almost universal sentiment is one of disgust and real impatience of this yoke; but the impatience is passive and manifests itself only in words.”

## XX.

*“IN WEARINESS AND PAINFULNESS.”*

IT seems hardly possible, unless one realizes the enormous extent of the city, that while such terrible things were taking place in the quarter of the Champs Élysées, in the centre of Paris everything appeared to be going on as usual. The Commune was sitting in the Hôtel de Ville, from which the constitutional government had removed to Versailles. From this seat the Commune enacted laws and issued orders which but too speedily proved to the deluded people that this was anything but a reign of equal rights—of that liberty, equality, fraternity which was inscribed upon all the churches and public buildings.

Still, though the people complained and the Commune oppressed, in the streets around the Hôtel de Ville all went on as usual. Omnibuses

and carriages thronged the thoroughfares, restaurants were crowded. A few of the larger stores were closed, indeed, but the majority of the shops were open and business went on as usual. Only here and there a passing squad of soldiers or the occasional beating of a drum served to remind the multitude that on the hill at the farther end of the long avenue of the Champs Elysées bombs were flying, houses were crumbling, women and children were suffering violent death, families were being made homeless or had taken refuge from the bursting shells in the cellars of houses which at any moment might fall upon them and bury them in the ruins.

*"April 23.—I see no sign of the slightest change in the state of things. There is talk of an armistice to enable the miserable inhabitants of Neuilly (one of the exposed quarters) to come out of the cellars where they are dying of hunger. Perhaps, once in the way of such transactions, they will proceed to others. But except for this everything seems to presage a*

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long and painful struggle, which will end God alone knows how. One may make all imaginable suppositions—siege and famine, massacres and explosions, pillage and assassinations ; all these are in the catalogue of possible events. But it may easily be that nothing of the kind is to happen. An unforeseen accident might give birth to terrible complications. Nothing can be foreseen, however ; we ought not to apprehend evil without good cause.

Mr. Cook had been forced to abandon his home, which was in imminent danger from the shells which were devastating the entire quarter. He went to the parsonage of the chapel in the Rue Roquépine, near the Boulevard Malesherbes. Here, though quite safe from the bombardment, he was near enough to his former home to be able to minister to the people of his parish.

*“April 25—I took advantage of the suspension of arms to go for a few hours to Les Ternes. A great crowd had profited by the same opportunity to see the results of the bombard-*

ment, and there were hundreds of people hurriedly embracing the opportunity to remove from the scene of danger. One might have thought it a great fair or festival. What havoc was there! Everywhere damaged store-fronts, riddled houses, broken windows and lamp-posts, The avenue of Les Ternes has suffered much, but nothing in comparison with the Avenue de la Grande Armée. First, there is the little railway-station almost in ruins ; then, beautiful great houses to right and left, with huge openings in almost every storey, not to speak of slighter injuries. The house in which is M. Bersier's chapel received an enormous bomb, which did considerable damage, but the chapel remains intact. As to the Arc de Triomphe, it has received a great number of projectiles, which, however, have done little more than leave black marks. I noticed, however, that one of the corners had been damaged, and that the group representing Invasion had been pretty severely treated.

"On coming home this evening I heard bad

news: a bomb had struck the tower of our chapel at Levallois and damaged it seriously: it penetrated the wall and burst within. Mr. P—— was in the room. May God spare our chapel of Les Ternes !

“It is expected that the bombardment will be resumed with greater vigour than ever. Is it not terrible? May God put an end to these atrocities! The cannon roar unceasingly.”

“*April. 30.*—Alas! what a world we live in! and what times are these! This evening, after a few hours’ reprieve, the most fearful cannonading has begun again, and there is a great fire at Les Ternes. If it were not for you all, and my promise to run no risks, I should soon be upon the scene of the disaster.”

“*May 1.*—There must have been a serious battle last night, for I heard the cannonade many times, and even, it seemed to me, the discharge of musketry very near at hand, so that at times I thought the government troops must have penetrated into the city.

“Oh how hard I find it to bear It seems

more difficult than the first time, either because I had then all the people of the ambulance around me, or because of the character of the present struggle. And there is nothing, absolutely nothing, which gives hopes of a near solution of difficulties. Each day we say to ourselves, ‘Perhaps to-morrow,’ but we are forced to acknowledge that it may last a month or more longer.

“We are well, thank God! but sad. Our hearts are wounded, almost broken. Our house has received two bombs, which made holes in the roof, but did no great damage. Last evening there were three fires at Les Ternes, kindled by the bombs of Mont-Valérien. The fire was extinguished after burning about two hours.

“I do not expose myself unless I have some duty to do, and I feel assured that God will keep me from all harm. I feel that many are praying for me, and this thought sustains and gives me courage.”

“*May 7.*—I have just been reading my *Daily Food*. I found on the blank leaf opposite, the

name of our dear Mathilde Hélène. She would have been thirteen years old to-day if God had spared her to us. Dear, sweet, lovely child!—bud scarcely opened, which has bloomed in the celestial paradise! This birthday reminds me how God aided and upheld us in that trying hour. 'For I am the Lord thy God, and will hold thy right hand, saying, Fear not, I will help thee.' Saviour, accomplish Thy promise! Save me! save my dear ones! save my country!

"I have just got back from our service at Les Ternes, which is reduced to its simplest expression—eight persons in all. I made a few visits on the way back. The doorkeeper of the house next to ours was killed last Thursday by a bomb which exploded at the entrance of her lodge; her husband was seriously wounded."

"May 9.  
"INN 'GRACE OF GOD,' }  
"Between Brunoy and Melun."

"I have taken the key of the fields, and write from a little village thirty-four kilometres from Paris. It cheers me a little to pass beyond the

gates, and to realize that I am not imprisoned in the great city, and that if I wished I could escape altogether.

"Yesterday I went to a meeting of the Central Club in the church of St. Eustache. There may have been four or five thousand persons there, including many women and children. The sentiment which the orators endeavoured to impress upon the people was, that the Commune ought to resist to the uttermost, and that it would be victorious in the end. The most insulting things were said about religion and the priests. . . . The Chief of the Executive Power\* was called, amidst the noisiest applause, 'The little monster, who has done us so much harm, but who is too old to be put in the menagerie of the Jardin des Plantes.' At the end there was an extremely burlesque scene. A regular tramp asked permission to speak, and mounted the pulpit, where he only succeeded in saying a few words with neither rhyme nor reason, repeating, every five

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\* M. Thiers.

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or six phrases, 'I am not an orator, you know,' which brought out the most uproarious laughter. After a little people began to clap their hands to force him to silence. He took it for applause, and only raised his voice the higher. At last his wife called him, and, as he paid no attention to her, she went up into the pulpit to force him to come down. On this I left, in the midst of an indescribable confusion."

"*May 11.*—It seems to me that the Commune begins to be decidedly disorganized. Felix Pyat has been obliged to resign his seat in the Committee of Public Safety, which has been entirely remodelled. Rossel has also sent in his resignation in one of the most singular letters imaginable. Our hope is, that the heads of the movement, perceiving that it will soon be too warm for them here, will seek safety in flight, and that we shall have no war of streets and barricades. We hope it, but we cannot foresee what will happen, and we must be prepared for anything, and pray unceasingly to God for deliverance."

"*May 12.*—I am, I feel, at the post of duty.

Our evening meetings are singularly blessed. The Spirit of God is with us. ‘Ah,’ people said to me, ‘what is the use of going there?’ And it seems to me that my ministry is more blessed and more useful than it has ever been.”

## XXI.

### *"IN PERILS BY MINE OWN COUNTRYMEN."*

"MAY 17.—This evening, just as I was setting out to visit the Paris's, a frightful explosion terrified us all. Hearing some one say that the fort of Vauves had been blown up, I went back into the house, that I might go up into the tower and see what could be seen. Columns of smoke were rising in the direction of the Seine, and we thought it must be the cartridge-factory near the Champ de Mars which had exploded.

"W— came this morning to say that he dared no longer remain in his house. He took refuge for the night in No. 20. A fragment from some explosion fell upon the roof over the room next to ours, but without breaking anything. It appears that last night's bombardment was more terrible than anything which

had yet been undergone at Les Ternes. I hope that our dear home will be preserved from serious damage. We hear that the chapel at Asnières is in ruins and the porter killed.

“I hear the drum beat the general alarm. What does that presage? Poor Parisians! what calamities!”

“*May 18.*—There were numerous victims of yesterday’s accident. It was, as we had supposed, the cartridge-factory in the Rue Rapp. The infamous revolutionary journals dare to say that the thing was done by emissaries of the government of Versailles. This is said with intention to excite the passions of the people. Fighting is going on with the utmost fury. We hear both cannon and musketry without an instant’s cessation.”

“*May 19.*—The meeting of pastors yesterday was extremely important. M. de Pressensé arrived, all warm from a sitting of the grand jury, at which several gend’armes were added to the list of hostages who are to be shot. We decided to call another meeting for to-day. I

have just returned from it ; it was very fully attended. We adopted, with few modifications, a letter of M. G. Monod, begging the Commune, in the name of humanity, not to carry out their project of executing the hostages. We all signed it, and four of us were deputed to present it."

" *May 21.*—The trial is still prolonged : the situation remains the same. Every day we say to each other, ' This cannot last,' and yet it lasts ; ' something will happen to bring about a crisis,' and nothing happens."

" *May 22.*—How can I have courage to begin this letter with the ceaseless report of musketry coming up from this very Rue Roquépine ? We are in the thick of the fight ; the Versaillaise troops are masters of this portion of the street. They have intrenched themselves in the shops below, having broken them open with the stocks of their muskets. There they are barricaded ; while on the steps of the church of the Holy Spirit another squad are sheltering themselves behind the columns. The noise is deafening,

and each sound goes to the bottom of my heart. At the corner of the street and the boulevard I see a wounded or dead soldier lying on the pavement. Officers are coming and going, giving orders. It is deliverance, but what a day! How much blood will have been shed!

“How have the government troops succeeded in penetrating to this place? We cannot learn. All last night we heard the tocsin, and from four till seven this morning the general alarm was beaten; barriers were thrown up in various places. The battle began about seven o’clock,—near the Place de la Concorde, it seemed to me,—and from the top of the tower I was trying to ascertain, when suddenly on the other side of us near the St. Lazare railway-station and the Park Monceaux, a terrible discharge of musketry burst out, drawing nearer every minute. Soon I saw the Communist troops fleeing before the barracks in the Rue St Lazare, and shortly after those on guard in our street disappeared, and were replaced by the government troops.

“Since then the struggle has not ceased for a

moment. Probably there is some strong barricade at the foot of the boulevard, near the church St. Augustine, which resists and keeps back the assailants. We hear nothing from any other direction; the entire action appears to be concentrated at this point. We dare no longer go up into the tower, nor even look out at the windows; balls are constantly passing over the house, and I think that some sort of a projectile must have struck our roof, for I heard things falling in the attic.

“O God have pity on us and on this poor people according to the multitude of Thy compassions! We have just had family worship in Chastel’s room. I read, with a sweetly happy feeling, Psalms xlvi., cxxi., and cxxiv.

“*Four o’clock.*—The fighting seems to have slackened a little within the last half-hour. For about seven hours it was intense, furious. Mitraillleuses, chassepots, and cannon, all seemed to be employed. A poor fellow was picked up dead before the house. What carnage there must have been! Who would have thought that

this street and the neighbouring boulevard would have been, during several hours, the scene of such a combat? Several balls struck the walls of our house; I picked one up which had flattened itself upon the balcony. The soldiers of Versailles are camped under our windows; their caissons and guns are a little farther down, below the Rue d'Astarg. We see no trace of the Communists. The noise was so great that it was impossible to distinguish whether fighting was going on elsewhere or not, but it is probable that it was.

*“Half-past ten, evening.*—The fusillade continued until nine o'clock. We can hear it still, but only in the distance, in the direction of the Tuileries. The soldiers have entirely vacated our street.”

*“May 23.*—Events succeed each other with astonishing rapidity. I have just been out for a long walk to see how things stood, risking myself *just a little bit*. We went by way of the Arc de Triomphe as far as the Porte Maillot, which we tried in vain to pass to go to Levallois. On returning into the city we found that the

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soldiers had driven the Federates out of that quarter, and every one was in the street. Not a trace of the Federates: the Champs Élysées, Les Ternes—all those quarters, so lately the scene of danger—delivered and occupied by the government troops. We learned on the way that Montmartre was also in their hands, which is of immense importance.

“I have just seen from the tower the tri-coloured flag floating from the mill of Montmartre, from the tower of Malakoff at the other extremity of the hill, and from the Opera-house. It seems now that the soldiers have established themselves near the Madeleine, which was said this morning to have been fortified. There is fighting in the neighbourhood of the Rue Royale and the Rue de Rivoli, and at this moment a great smoke is rising from that quarter, which seems to be from the Tuilleries.”

## XXII.

*"KEPT BY THE POWER OF GOD."*

"MAY 23, 11.45 P.M.—Ah, what an affliction! what a terrible blow! I am watching with my poor friend Paris over two dead bodies lying upon the same mattress, covered by one winding-sheet—that of his dear wife and of her brother, killed this morning in their dining-room by a single ball, which came from a barricade opposite their windows. The ball made a round hole in a pane of glass, passed through the young man—he was parting the curtain to look out—and then struck his sister in the breast as she was entering the room with a cup of chocolate in her hand. He sank down without a word, and expired in ten minutes; she fell into the arms of her husband, who rushed toward her. 'I am killed,' she said, and that was all; not a glance, not a sigh! She

had risen quite happy, because, to all appearance, this was to be the day of deliverance. She little thought that it would indeed be for her the day of complete deliverance.

“Alas! alas! what a painful story! I hastened here at once, and have not been willing to leave these dear friends. We do not know how the funeral can be arranged. The insurgents retook the mairie this morning, and all the public offices, including that of Funeral Obsequies, are disorganized. Poor Paris had to order the two coffins himself.

“We can see from the windows a great fire in the direction of the Tuileries; there is a desperate struggle in that quarter. It is inconceivable how these people persist with such tenacity in sustaining a lost cause.”

“*May 24, 6 A.M.*—I have just come home. It was the Tuileries which was burning last night. Probably this is the final stroke of the enraged Communists. The fire still rages, and seems to be extending. If half Paris is not burned, it will be fortunate.

“The din of war sounds in the far distance. I must go and see how it progresses.”

“*Later.*—I cannot tell you all that is on my heart. It is frightful, it is terrible! The whole Rue Royale is in flames. I saw one building fall; two others were already gone. The Madeleine is badly injured, as well as all the neighbouring houses; dead soldiers and ruins of all kinds lie in every direction. The Tuileries is burned down; the palaces of the ministries upon the quays and the Hôtel de Ville are in flames. The infamous Communists had put quantities of petroleum everywhere, and set it on fire.”

“*May 25.*—I fully believe that at last all is over. We are delivered, but at what a price! Our noblest monuments burned, the entire city marked by the traces of shot or fire, hundreds—yes, thousands—of citizens and soldiers killed, massacred! Alas! what a chastisement!

“Yesterday was the saddest and most painful day of all these sad eight months. I was profoundly depressed, and for the first time I said to myself again and again, ‘Oh, if I were far

from these fearful scenes !' The sight, during a long night of watching, of those two inanimate bodies and of the deep grief of the husband and sister ; then, soon after, the agonizing spectacle of the immense fires and of the crashing houses ; then the wounded in the English ambulance, whose wounds I helped to dress,—all together have unnerved and excited me to the last degree.

"Here is yesterday's bulletin of horrors : The Tuileries burned, the Hôtel de Ville in ruins, the Palais Royal, Palais de Justice, Prefecture of Police, Palace of Public Assistance, the Public Granary, the theatre of the Porte St. Martin, the Ministry of Finance,—all burned, consumed, destroyed, by those demons in human shape. Is that enough of horror and infamy ? And can you not comprehend, though without excusing them, that the exasperated soldiers give no quarter, but shoot down without mercy all who seem to have belonged to the Commune, women as well as men ?"

"10 P.M.—The orders are so strict to let no one enter or go out of the city-gates that neither

our poor friend Paris nor any one else of the funeral *cortège* could accompany the dear dead to the cemetery, which is beyond the fortifications. A great furniture-waggon, in which were already three coffins, came for our two, then went on its way to collect five or six more. It was sad indeed. I read 1 Cor. xv. in the parlour. M. Dhombres prayed; then again I read John xi. while they were carrying the coffins downstairs. I stayed with the poor widower till the others had gone away, then I accompanied him to the Clichy gate to wait for the passing by of the waggon containing the coffins. It was so long in coming that I was obliged to leave my poor friend there alone. I saw the waggon afterwards almost filled with coffins as I was hastening to the Rue Roquépine, where I arrived just in time to preside at the meeting.”

“*May 26.*—Fires still continue. This evening there are two in the direction of Belleville. They are like two gigantic braziers, and throw a weird light over all Paris. The cannon still roar. The firing is upon Montmartre and Belleville.

They say that the insurgents still hold out in the cemetery of Père-la-Chaise. Alas! their execrable intentions with respect to the hostages appear to have been carried out. It is believed that they have murdered the archbishop, the Abbé Duguerry, and a number of priests."

"*May 28.*—The conflict still endures; arrests are continually made. Chastel tells me he saw a convoy of five thousand prisoners pass by, some to be shot at the Champ de Mars, the rest, probably, to be sent to Versailles. This morning there was a desperate struggle, in which a great number of soldiers were killed. The whole city is a mosaic of tri-coloured flags. The fires still brood under the ruins. I was yesterday twice obliged to help extinguish the flames at the Palais de Justice."

"*May 29.*—The misfortunes of these poor people appal me. I believe I am thankful for deliverance; I feel it and thank God, but the sight of the profound degradation of the populace, of the frivolity, thoughtlessness, and hardness of heart with which they overlive all that

has happened, breaks my heart. Every one for himself. They are saved, and they take up the old habits, the old modes of life, without another thought, it would seem. The streets and boulevards swarm with promenaders, the cafés are crowded, beautiful toilettes are reappearing; even serious men seem to think that all is now for the best. It is pessimistic, they say, and cowardly, to weep over what could not be helped and cannot be mended.

“The most complete calm reigns everywhere. Victory was achieved yesterday at three o’clock, just one week after the entrance of the troops. The fires have been brought under control, although the ruins still smoke in more than one place. I walked across the Place de la Concorde yesterday. One of the great fountains is ruined; the statue of the city of Lille has lost its head; the Rue Royale is not recognizable.

“The death of the archbishop, the Abbé Duguerry, President Bonjean, and of fifty other hostages, is unhappily confirmed. The monsters assassinated them in the prison of La Roquette.

Now they are themselves expiating their execrable crimes. Every member of the Commune recognized as such is immediately shot. It is justice."

## XXIII.

*“FAITHFUL ALSO IN MUCH.”*

THE extracts from Mr. Cook's letters which we have just given present a more vivid idea of what the Commune was than anything which could be written at this distance of time. They relate, to be sure, only his own experience, and much was occurring which was unknown, even to the inhabitants of the city ; but the impression which they leave upon the mind is quite correct.

The Commune had not been long at the Hôtel de Ville before its atrocious acts almost rivalled those of the Reign of Terror of the First Revolution. The gend'armes (or policemen), who were loyal to the constitutional government, were among the especial objects of their hatred. They were obliged to hide to save their lives. Many of them even sought safety in the Prussian lines, while all who were discovered were put to

death. The priests were also hated by the Communist government, which was openly atheistic, and great numbers of them were massacred. The place is yet shown in a garden of Belleville where hundreds of them were chained to a wall and shot: the blackened stone has become their memorial tablet, and bears the inscription commemorating their bloody death.

Meanwhile, the National troops, after nearly two months' bombardment of the city, had effected an entrance within the walls. Then followed that terrible week which we have lived over with Mr. Cook—the fights from street to street and from barricade to barricade, where women, and even children, joined fiercely in the desperate conflict; then came the last acts of vengeance, which showed to what depths of degradation human nature may be left to fall; and then the swift and terrible retribution. Thousands of men and women, placed in rows above the narrow ditches which were to be their graves, were mown down by the fire of the victorious republican troops. It was horrible.

Perhaps it was no more than just, but the heart sickens at the thought.

In the midst of such horrors as these the frivolity, the worldliness, the gaiety of the Parisian populace, were something ghastly. Their fearful experiences seemed to have deadened them to all moral and religious considerations. Yet while the hearts of the pastors and of the few earnest Christians suffered deeply at this knowledge, they rejoiced to find among some suffering souls a tenderness and openness to the truth they had hardly met before, while many of the lower classes, as weary of atheism as they had been disgusted with popery, began to inquire for a true religion. A harvest-time of souls seemed to be approaching.

It was more than a week after the final victory of the government before Mr. Cook could procure permission to leave the city. He hastened to Jersey, and a week later, having taken no time for rest, he brought his family back with him to Paris. Just nine months and ten days after they had left their home Mrs. Cook and

her children returned to take possession of that house and chapel at Les Ternes which had been almost miraculously preserved from shot and shell and fire.

No words can describe the happiness of the reunited family. Mr. Cook's heart especially was filled with joy and gratitude at the contrast between the blissful present and the heart-rending past.

Yet he could never again be the same man that he had been before. He had been too painfully affected. Endowed as he was with a double measure of sympathy, he had suffered doubly. To the end of his life he could never allude to the tragedy of these days without emotion which the very tones of his voice betrayed, and tears would sometimes interrupt him in relating some incident of the Commune. But his sorrow had a deeper source than the horrors he had seen ; his whole soul was moved with pity and disgust for the moral degradation of his countrymen. What could be done for them ?

“We must go to work with courage,” he cried to his fellow-pastors. “Work is not wanting; one hardly knows where to take it up.”

His mind was full of plans for the evangelization of his people. His fellow-pastors would gladly have joined him in carrying them out, but money was needed for this, and the Methodist Church was poor and already heavily burdened. Mr. Cook turned his thoughts to England. There was a sister Church, rich and full of sympathy with the French people; to it he would go for help. He felt that God called him to this effort; and, hardly taking time for rest after his long fatigues, in July he set out for England.

His Church had taken this opportunity to send him as delegate to the English Conference, then assembled at Manchester. He was received with the warmest enthusiasm. People crowded from all parts to hear the heroic witness of the siege and the Commune relate his experience of those scenes. All hearts and all purses were opened, and a general collection for

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the benefit of the Methodist Church in France was taken up in all the English churches of that communion.

Mr. Cook was so much admired by the English people, and their interest in all that he could tell them of the state of things in France was so great, that he was invited to make a second visit to England for the purpose of giving a series of lectures upon the recent events in France. This he did, and succeeded not only in gaining a considerable sum for his Church, but in awakening sympathy with that cause of evangelization in France which he had so closely at heart.

He was now at the height of popularity both in England and in France. No one was at the same time more respected, admired, and beloved, for his character in a singular degree united the qualities which command all these sentiments. His Church had unbounded confidence in his wisdom, judgment, and devotion, and at this time he was made president of the French Conference—an office nearly corresponding to

that of bishop in the Episcopal Church. He was now forty-three years old.

At this time, when honours, admiration, and love were being lavished upon him on all sides, he wrote the following paper :

*“Thursday, June 6, 1872.—I feel a pressing need of consecrating myself anew and in the most entire manner to God my Father in Jesus Christ my Saviour, by the help and efficacious power of the Holy Spirit enlightening, aiding, sanctifying, and filling me with strength and wisdom. O God, Thou art my strong Lord! O God, I belong to Thee! I give myself to Thee; I place myself in Thy hands; I present myself to Thee, body and soul, with all those whom Thou hast given me, with our temporal and spiritual interests, with all our talents, resources, and faculties.*

*“I would please Thee, serve Thee, glorify Thee, work for Thee, spend myself for Thee. I confide in Thee; I abandon myself to Thee. I would love Thee above all things. I would live for Thee, by doing and suffering for Thee, by*

cleaving to whatever is good and by holding evil in horror. I would die with Thee and for Thee whenever Thou wouldst bring my earthly career to a close ; and by Thine infinite mercy I hope to live eternally with Thee in the realm of glory. Amen."

In these days which so nearly preceded his removal from earth, the spiritual nature of this beloved servant of God seemed doubly alive. All that had been so sweet in his character from childhood seemed to be taking on that new and eternal youth which is a part of the inheritance of the saints in light ; all that was imperfect or sinful seemed to be dropping away from him. The light of devotion to God burned in his soul, a pure flame which no earthly impurities appeared to cloud.

"I seek," he said,—"and my dear wife walks in the same path, her hand in mine,—I seek to become more simple, more childlike, more innocently believing ;" and his desire was daily fulfilled. His life was one of deep peace, growing out of a childlike faith and thorough consecration.

As President of the Conference he was again sent to the British Conference ; his ever-loved brother and fellow-pastor, Paul, was his colleague. Together they pleaded the cause of that branch of the Church to which they had given themselves, and again they received valuable aid for France.

The delicate frame which had been so wonderfully strong in the spirit which it enshrined was wearing away with the friction of incessant and responsible work. The throat difficulty which Mr. Cook had brought upon himself in the early enthusiastic days grew serious : an obstinate cough wearied him. He was urged, again and again, to take complete rest, but not until work became impossible would he consent to do so. But in November, after his third return from England, he could work no longer, and he consented to go for one month to a warmer climate. Two weeks he spent among his relatives in Montauban, and the rest of the time with a well-loved friend at Hyères, in one of the loveliest climates of the south of France. Here he

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grew rapidly better, and seemed literally to renew his strength; all the gaiety, the light-heartedness of his boyhood came back upon him. He returned to Paris cheered, refreshed, invigorated, little dreaming that one year later, after having escaped, as by a miracle, from the waves of the ocean, he should go back to that very spot to die. But had he known this it would surely not have disturbed the gladness of his heart nor changed the tenor of his life. Faithful to the end, he would have gone bravely on in his appointed task until the moment came when, humbly following in the footsteps of his divine Master, he should lay down his life for his Friend.

## XXIV.

### *"DOING THE WILL OF GOD FROM THE HEART."*

HERE are many in America who well remember the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance in New York in October, 1873. The most noted men in the Christian world assembled there as delegates to confer upon the highest and most interesting subjects. Some of the addresses delivered at that time will not soon be forgotten, and will exert an influence for generations to come.

All New York was stirred by the great religious festival. The meetings were crowded ; all houses were thrown open ; the most generous and even princely hospitality was extended to the honoured strangers ; the daily papers were enlarged for the extended reports which they published of the proceedings of the Alliance.

The French branch of the Alliance had chosen Mr. Cook as their delegate. Although this involved a new separation from his family and a long journey, from which it is in the nature of a Frenchman to shrink, yet Mr. Cook received his appointment with pleasure. We can perhaps hardly realize the exalted idea which French Protestants have formed of America as the home, *par excellence*, of Christianity, the land of Bibles and of Sabbaths, of extensive missionary enterprise and of generous expenditure in the cause of religion. To press his foot upon so blest a soil seemed to Mr. Cook to be happiness itself; to take part in the magnificent assemblies about to be held there would be an inspiration; to interest American Christians in the cause of evangelization in France, to bring back some portion of the money they were so prompt to give in aid of religious effort, would be blessedness indeed. He was all ardour and delight at the prospect of going to America.

His wife and friends drew comfort from the

thought of the benefit to his health which might be hoped from the two sea-voyages and the rest and change of scene they would provide. The opportunity of the journey seemed providential: the Church and pastor would reap great benefit from it.

He sailed from Havre in company with a number of other delegates on the magnificent steamer *Ville du Havre*, which was soon to gain a mournful celebrity. It was the month of September; the voyage was a delightful one, and Mr. Cook found among his fellow-passengers opportunities to carry on the work which was as the breath of his nostrils, for without it he could hardly have lived.

“I have had a long conversation,” he writes, “with a sick man whom I have often noticed. He opened his mind to me with surprising freedom, telling me how he had been converted several years before, but had lost his peace on the death of a child of whom he had been suddenly bereaved while in Algiers, whither he had gone for his health. In his despair he had

gone so far as to deny God. He is very ill, raising blood ; he knows that he may die at any moment. I hope to have done him some good by showing him the Open Way. His wife, who has a sweet and superior manner, is an orphan and has no one but him in the world. I see in the meeting with this poor invalid an answer to my prayers, for I had besought the Lord to give me an opportunity to do something for Him while on this journey."

Two days later he writes : "I have again visited my poor invalid, reading him one of Wesley's hymns on assurance of salvation. We had a long conversation, in the course of which he asked many questions about our work in France, and begged me to permit him to associate himself with it by a gift. So here is my collection begun in a very unexpected manner."

"Here is the New World," he writes in New York Bay, "the classic soil of liberty. May God bless us while here ! My heart is full of emotion and of gratitude. Hitherto has the Lord guarded us and brought us in safety, and

will still guide our footsteps and bring us back safe and sound, and enriched with useful experience, to our dear families, to our friends, to our churches.”

Mr. Cook was delighted with all the circumstances of his stay in New York—with the cordial reception, the warm Christian sympathy he met. The enthusiasm of the moment suited his nature ; he felt himself to be in the midst of a people impregnated with the spirit of the gospel, and his heart expanded under the beneficent influence.

On the 4th of October he presented his report of the French branch of the Alliance.

“Thank God,” he wrote that evening, “that I am relieved of my heavy burden ! My principal duty as to the Alliance is done. God helped and sustained me, as He has done many times before. He made me to succeed beyond my expectations. I read my report before a large assemblage in Association Hall, then repeated it in another meeting held in a neighbouring church because of the crowd, which the

hall was not large enough to admit. I was a little in dread of exceeding the allotted half-hour and of being stopped short, as has happened to several others, but I was permitted to go on to the end. My duty is done, I believe, as to the Alliance."

But it was only to begin as far as another object of the journey was concerned. He had become all the more eager to spread abroad a knowledge of the religious condition of France since he had seen more nearly the contrast between the American people, so enlightened, so alive to religious things, and the ignorance and superstition of his own countrymen. He felt that a great opportunity was presented to him to turn his journey to the benefit of his country.

Alas ! his bright hopes were to be cruelly disappointed. The United States was then passing through a serious financial crisis. Even the great Boards of the churches were suffering severely from the falling off of contributions. The importance of the evangelization of such a country as France was not at that time

realized. At present we Americans are waking up to the thought that as no country in the world has ever exerted such a powerful influence for infidelity, as none has done more to overturn just ideas of authority and government and of the rights of property, so no country would wield so great an influence for good as France were she to become a thoroughly Christian nation. We are now beginning to understand this, but seven years ago it was not so.

Mr. Cook, who until now had found all hearts to open before his warm, unselfish enthusiasm, was met with a cold, an almost freezing, indifference in many places. He had put himself under the direction of Mr. Philip Phillips, who in a recent visit to France had become deeply interested in its religious state, and who felt sanguine that such a man as Mr. Cook would succeed in arousing the interest of the American people. He arranged meetings for him in Montreal, Toronto, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and New York. To carry out these

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plans Mr. Cook went from place to place, only to meet unexpected coldness, defeated hopes, fresh disappointment everywhere. Some of the meetings failed for want of proper notice, some because the pastor, though himself warmly interested, felt it unwise to ask an additional contribution from his people. It was often a humiliating position in which the bishop of the Methodist Church in France found himself regarded as an unwelcome guest, an importunate beggar ; but his heart, so keenly alive to the wounds of others, had no sympathy to waste upon his own. It was nothing to him that he was wearing out the precious remnant of his strength in long and fatiguing journeys in a climate more rigorous than any he had before known. It was little, even, that he was lengthening out his absence from his family ; but that he could do little or nothing for the cause he had so closely at heart, this was a trial indeed.

He congratulated himself, however, that he had sown the seed, and the result he cheerfully left in the hands of God.

The 15th of November was the longed-for day that saw him sail from New York, weary, almost ill, but rejoicing in the thought of being soon at home. A week before, on arriving in New York from Washington, he had seen the *Ville du Havre* entering her dock on her return from France. “My beautiful steamer is here,” he exclaimed with a throbbing heart; “she has come for me to take me back to my family, my Church, my country.” He was as impatient as a child for the day of departure.

## XXV.

### *"IN PERILS OF WATERS."*

HERE was never a more congenial ship's company than that assembled on the *Ville du Havre*. Besides the delegates to the Alliance, M. Pronier of Geneva, Mr. Carasco of Spain, Mr. Weiss and M. Larreaux of France, there were a number of lovely, pious Christian families, both English and American. They formed a charming circle, and anticipated great pleasure and benefit from their ten days' companionship.

On Sunday, the day after sailing, Mr. Cook assembled all the children on board, to the number of twenty, for one of those delightful Sunday-schools for which he had now a wide celebrity, and which for him and for all but one of those little ones was to be their last on earth. He had never been happier in the exercise of

his wonderful gift of interesting and impressing children than on that day. All the wisdom and tact and experience of a lifetime were called into exercise for the good of these little ones who had been gathered together from the east and the west, the north and the south, to receive his teachings, and then to be taken home to God.

A storm arose on the next day, and soon became a violent tempest, during which many fears were felt for the safety of the ship. The storm passed over, however, and a calm followed, accompanied by a dense fog. It was not until the seventh day of the voyage that the sun appeared on a cloudless sky. All on board the ship rejoiced, and none perhaps more than Mr. Cook. “I think I never in my life felt such grateful joy for a bright day,” he said.

The bright day passed lingeringly by, as such days do at sea. The children ran merrily about the deck. Conversation, loud reading, and long promenades occupied the elder folk. The ladies were looking out and practising hymns for the

next Sunday's service. Every one was in the highest spirits: the first week of the voyage was drawing to a close; the most dangerous part of the journey was over. They praised the good ship, the captain, the officers; all was cheerfulness and gaiety.

The evening was magnificent; no one wanted to retire, and every one lingered late upon the deck. Last of all, Mr. Cook and M. Pronier remained, slowly pacing to and fro in earnest conversation, until at midnight they also sought their cabins.

Two hours later a terrible crash shook the vessel from end to end and aroused the sleeping passengers. An English sailing-vessel, the *Loch Earn*, had struck the steamer amidships, and at the aperture made by her prow the water was rapidly pouring in.

All was now horror and confusion. Mr. Cook's cabin was near the scene of the accident, and he was at once aware of its gravity. As he was rushing upon deck, without taking time to dress, he heard cries of distress from a neigh-

bouring room. He turned back, and meeting a sailor on the stairs, they went down together, and found a mother and child buried under the fragments caused by the crushing in of the ship. With superhuman effort they had succeeded in rescuing the mother, and were tearing away the timbers which still covered the little one, when the cry sounded through the ship, “Save yourselves! we are going down!”

“Come quickly,” cried Mr. Cook.

“Not without my child,” answered the mother calmly, and refused to move from the spot.

There was not a moment to be lost. Mr. Cook rushed upon deck; the bow of the ship was already under water.

He met M. Pronier. “We are going down,” he said, wringing his friend’s hand.

“We are in the hands of God,” replied M. Pronier; and amid prayers and cries and heart-rending farewells the vessel sank beneath the waves.

Mr. Cook felt himself go down, down into the deep waters, compelled by the irresistible attrac-

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tion of the sinking ship. Out of the depths he cried unto God, committing his soul and his dear ones to Him. Then, summoning all his strength, he began to struggle with the deadly suction which was dragging him down. At length he saw the sky above his head, and with difficulty regained his breath. The *Loch Earn* was far away, and, good swimmer though he was, the icy coldness of the water had so benumbed him that he saw there was no hope of reaching her.

At that moment a spar floated by. He seized it, and with a desperate resolution he tried to gain the ship. He was nearing it when another drowning man, with the frenzy of despair, seized upon the spar, thrusting him from it, and sank with it beneath the waves.

It was too late ; he could struggle no more. A horror of darkness swept over him ; he felt himself sinking for the last time, when a lifeboat appeared upon the crest of the wave, and he was saved. But when, after lingering long upon the scene of the disaster in the hope of picking up

other victims of the accident, the lifeboat returned to the *Loch Earn*, Mr. Cook had lost consciousness, and was lifted upon deck rather dead than alive.

The heartrending scene of the meeting of the saved upon the deck of the *Loch Earn* cannot be described. Of three hundred and thirteen souls upon the *Ville du Havre*, two hundred and twenty-six were gone. Only twenty-eight passengers were saved out of one hundred and forty-one ; of all the busy, happy children who yesterday were playing about the decks, but one survived. Ah, what a moment was that when the last boat came back and all hope of saving another life was gone ! Those families which had gone down together were envied by their parents whom that wave had made childless. The wounds of that night's causing will bleed for many a year to come.

The *Loch Earn* had been seriously injured by the collision. Her prow had been carried away, leaving a leak which would have been immediately fatal had the vessel been heavily laden.

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Such repairs as were possible were hastily made, and if the weather continued fair there was hope that the ship might reach land in safety. But in the month of November fine weather could not be counted upon. It was therefore with great joy that the shipwrecked passengers and crew saw an American three-master, the *Trimountain*, draw near, and gratefully they accepted the offer of her captain to take them on board. Eight days later they were safely landed at Cardiff.

Of the five delegates to the Evangelical Alliance three had survived. M. Pronier of Switzerland and Mr. Carasco of Spain had gone down, to the great sorrow not only of their immediate families and friends, but of the Church at large. Of the three remaining, Mr. Weiss had been so badly injured as to make it impossible to remove him from one vessel to the other. Mr. Cook, in feeble health when he started, had been so much exhausted by his exertions and the exposure to cold as to be seriously ill. It was of the last importance that he should

speedily find the rest of home, but he refused to leave his friend. With a bleeding heart he bade good-bye and God-speed to the remaining delegate, M. Larreaux, and the other rescued ones, charging them with messages of love and cheer to his family. That was a cruel moment that saw the *Trimountain* spread her white sails and speed away to home and safety. Only the grace of God could have sustained the soul at such a time.

Besides the two delegates, a wounded sailor had been left upon the *Loch Earn*. And now to them and to the crew of the ship came a long trial of faith and fortitude. A second and more careful investigation showed that the injuries received by the *Loch Earn* were more serious than had at first been supposed. The only hope was in fair weather, and for two days the skies were clear. Then clouds appeared ; the wind arose and blew furiously. It was impossible for the ship to make head against the storm. A single wave striking the bow of the vessel would have been enough to wreck her. The only hope

was in taking the waves on the beam and in submitting to go whithersoever they might carry her.

The tempest drove them toward the north-east, and ever farther and farther from the great Transatlantic thoroughfare. Hope of meeting a vessel which might come to their rescue grew daily less. What days and nights of anxiety were now passed! Yet Mr. Cook did not lose courage.

“I think,” said Mr. Weiss to him one day, “that this is the beginning of the end.”

“Do you think so?”

“Yes. I believe that the captain does not say all he thinks.”

“It is hard for me to admit that God has saved us from one shipwreck to cause us to perish in another,” replied Mr. Cook. “I have reflected seriously upon this, and I cannot believe that my work is done; you know I have seven children, most of them quite young. And then there are so many things which depend almost wholly upon me! I cannot give up hope.”

The courage which sustained him was felt by the entire crew: it cheered and animated them during all the hours of suspense which followed. As they grew to feel greater trust in him, he led them to look above, to the foundation of hope and confidence; and while he encouraged them to look for deliverance, he taught them how to prepare to meet their God. He was weary himself, and worn; a burning fever was consuming him. But he thought little of himself; his life had always belonged to any who had need of him.

Amidst the roarings of the tempest he daily assembled these men to read to them, to pray with them, to exhort them to hope and confidence in God. The captain and crew alike felt inspired to new courage by his teachings. They worked to better purpose because of his presence and his words. It seemed to them impossible that they could perish with that man of God in the ship.

## XXVI.

*"IN PERILS IN THE SEA."*

THE storm continued to rage with violence for five days and nights. The morning of the sixth day dawned—the day of deliverance or death. Since the evening before Mr. Cook had felt a confidence of deliverance take possession of him. Had an angel of the Lord, whose he was and whom he served, stood beside him and said, “Fear not”? We cannot know; but, wearied with long tossing of the ship, feeble, exhausted as he was, he still hoped brightly on.

The carpenter came up from below and announced that in spite of every effort the water was flowing rapidly in at the leak; the hull was already half full; the moment of death was at hand.

Suddenly the captain leaned over Mr. Cook and said, “There is a sail upon the horizon.”

It was salvation, the salvation he had so long been praying for ! He dragged himself up from the deck, on which he was lying, and, shivering with cold and fever, he gazed upon the sail which God had sent as a messenger of deliverance.

In less than an hour the crew of the *Loch Earn* and the survivors of the *Ville du Havre* were upon the deck of the *British Queen*. Then the sailors crowded about the French pastor.

"Your prayers have saved us," they cried, pressing his hands in theirs ; "we owe our deliverance to you ; you are our providence."

"It is God, dear friends, God alone, who has saved you," he replied. "Never forget Him again ; let there be no more swearing, no more taking of His name in vain ; begin a new life from this moment."

How great was the emotion of every one when the captain of the *British Queen* said that twice during the night the violence of the storm had obliged him to alter his course !

"I am not surprised" said Mr. Cook calmly.  
"You *could not* but have come to our help."

The tempest, which had calmed just long enough to permit the transshipment, now resumed its fury. The *British Queen* bounded away before it, leaving the *Loch Earn* reeling and slowly sinking, but before she had gone down they were already out of sight.

The hero's work was well-nigh done. His holy courage was no longer needed to keep up the hearts of those around him; yet still he felt himself their pastor, and, though consumed with fever and torn by the cough which gave him no rest, he still gathered them about him for the daily worship which they had begun when in the jaws of extreme peril.

Eight days brought them in sight of the coast of England, and then the wind fell. For forty-eight hours they were condemned to lie inactive in sight of the land which they so longed to reach. It was a heavy trial. After twenty days at sea and two dreadful shipwrecks, to lie there motionless in the dangerous neighbourhood of the Scilly Isles, exposed to new disasters, was almost more than flesh and blood could bear.

Especially to one so suffering as Mr. Cook the trial would seem insupportable. But he lost neither hope nor patience. On the 5th of December he wrote these lines, the last that his hand ever traced :

"AT SEA, on board the *British Queen*,

20 miles from Land's End.

Friday, Dec. 5, 1873.

"Patience must have her perfect work. May our good God help us to wait with calmness and perfect confidence for the moment of deliverance! The sea is as smooth as glass. We arrived in sight of land during the night, but the wind is contrary, and we may not enter the British Channel.

"A steamer has just passed by, going rapidly toward Falmouth. Oh, how we should have rejoiced to take her! But it seems it was impossible to call her. For several days I have hoped that we should land to-day. I believed it; that is, I believed firmly that God would grant it in answer to our prayers. I believe it

still, although I do not see how the thing can be accomplished.

“It is a week since God answered so wonderfully to our cry in sending in the moment of extremity the *British Queen*, and in granting us this great deliverance. There was no longer hope ; we seemed about to perish, and for six days we had been in the agony of death. What thoughts I have had during those long days and yet longer nights !”

A pilot-boat was seen the next day, and being called by the *British Queen* (which was bound to Antwerp), the thirty-six shipwrecked men were transferred to it, after bestowing most heartfelt thanks upon their deliverers. The pilot-boat was turned in the direction of the shore, but as the calm still continued, it was seven o'clock in the evening before they entered Plymouth Bay. The moment of separation was drawing near, but there was yet one more service of love to be rendered before the parting came.

Some one had found an old copy of the Bible

in one of the lockers of the boat. Mr. Cook opened the book of Acts and read that beautiful account of St. Paul's shipwreck, which to his hearers was endued with vivid reality. All listened with the deepest emotion while the beloved pastor once more recalled the scenes of past days and pressed them not to forget the lessons of those cruel hours.

There, on board the pilot-boat among those shipwrecked men, Emile Cook for the last time fulfilled the office of a Christian minister. Never before had he spoken with such authority. Like the apostle, with whom he had unconsciously more than one point of resemblance, he spoke of those things which his auditors had "seen in him." It was his life far more than his lips which spoke to them. Ah, what a noble end of his ministry were these adieus to his companions in shipwreck—these last exhortations of the pastor whose ardent faith was still contending with death for the souls of these men, whose bodies his prayers had wrested from the destroyer! He thought nothing of all this. To

him what he had done in those memorable days was simply *duty*, and he was right; but what can be nobler than duty thus performed? and what life can be grander than his who is thus faithful to the end?

## XXVII.

### *“THE VICTORY WHICH OVERCOMETH THE WORLD.”*

**I**T was the evening of December 6 when the shipwrecked party set foot upon the shore of England. Mr. Cook went on to London at once. “Let us go,” he said to the friend who would have had him wait for rest—“let us go quickly. I am ill, and if I stay for only one day I shall never go.”

It was bitterly cold. He shivered under the insufficient clothing which had been given him after the shipwreck. His fever was increasing hourly, and the cough was incessant. It was indeed time for him to reach home when, on the evening of December 7, after twenty-three days of journeying, he stepped from the railway-carriage in Paris and was clasped in the arms of his family.

He had been saved from a tragical death; how could it be believed that God, who had so miraculously preserved him, had not some great work still for him to do? It was not possible for him to die! So thought all his friends, and so thought he. The joy of being once more with wife and children and friends was too exquisite to be cut short. He hoped to live, and to work yet longer for his dear Master.

Every care was lavished upon him which the tenderest affection, the most heartfelt sympathy, the most perfect devotion could devise. "What have I done," he would say with tears in his eyes, "that you should all love me so?"

Alas! that love was in vain. He grew worse from day to day. The whole Christian Church of France was praying for him, but it was not the will of God that he should live. He had been faithful to the end of his work; the time of his departure was at hand; he was ready to be offered. The long desire of his whole life, for perfect holiness, was to be granted at last.

The attention of Christians, not of France alone, but also of England, Switzerland and America, was centred upon him. Every report of his health was eagerly listened to; the last devoted acts of his life, his heroic conduct during the Siege and the Commune, all were remembered and recounted to his praise; but neither the honour and respect of men nor the devoted love of friends could keep him back from heaven.

A change of air was pronounced necessary; a warmer climate, it was hoped, might still restore his health; and he went with Mrs. Cook to beautiful Hyères, where a year before he had been so exuberantly happy. After the weariness of the journey was overcome he appeared better, and with the old hopefulness he believed that he should soon be able to work more and better than ever for his Master. “When I get well,” he frequently said to his wife, “we will consecrate ourselves entirely to the service of God —yes, *entirely*.”

He took a happy interest in things about

him—in the bright flowers with which his room was always adorned, in the books his wife and sister-in-law read to him, in the letters of congratulation on his escape which poured in from all sides. His chamber was the happiest room in the house; the old joyous spirit, which trial could not wither, because its springs were in heaven, the ardent faith, the warm affection, were all present in the feeble, wasting frame.

His soul was never more active. He poured it out in prayers for his Church, for his children, for his friends. For one beloved little daughter, who was suffering with what seemed to be incurable disease, he prayed with earnest supplications and tears, and God heard the prayers and restored the child to perfect health.

The time was very short. The days of hope had been few when he was struck with death. Yet it was not until the last morning dawned, the 29th of January, that he became aware of his danger.

“Darling,” he said to his wife in a tone of deep emotion, “I believe that the Lord is

coming for me.” And he added softly, “Poor Helen! poor Helen!” He was deeply moved; his whole face changed, and was convulsed with sorrow for her grief.

She, the beloved wife who for nearly twenty years had never failed him in the hour of need, knelt at his side, and, clasping him in her arms, offered a prayer which was a balm to his wounded soul.

“Thank you,” he said; “you have done me good; your prayer has calmed me.”

It was with joy that he saw his sister, the little playfellow of early days, arrive in the care of a friend and fellow-pastor.

Their presence seemed to revive and do him good. They found him in a cheerful room, full of light and air, with flowers about him, his blue eyes beaming with the kindly smile which they knew so well. Though he was fearfully emaciated, they could not believe that he would not recover—the new remedies lately used were surely doing good—and together they left the room to plan about sending for all the children,

that the family life in which he so rejoiced might once more be resumed.

While they were making their plans the summons came. They were recalled to the room. What a change ! His eyes sunken, the paleness of death upon his face, and, bathed in a cold perspiration, he was panting for breath. And still they hoped and talked of a crisis which might yet be favourable !

Prayer was offered, asking for faith, for courage, for life. Then he made a sign that the Bible should be given him. " You cannot read, my love," said his wife ; and he, mingling the name of one of his colleagues with the half-delirium of death, said, " Oh, Matthew Lelievre knows ; he is prepared for all that."

The sixth Psalm, that ardent prayer of a man agonizing for life, was read with much difficulty and in the midst of tears. When it was finished the dying man, quite calm again, whispered, " It is magnificent ! " and threw himself back upon his pillows.

Yet still he suffered painfully, and while they

were preparing some refreshment his wife held him in her arms and prayed, while he joined with her in short but ardent exclamations. As his sufferings subsided, “God will sustain thee, my love,” said his wife ; “He will give thee peace.” And he, almost in a tone of reproach, replied, “Peace ? I have it now ! I have it !”

“If I could only sleep !” he said at last. “Try to keep quiet a little, all of you, and let me sleep.” He turned upon his pillow ; a sudden paleness came over him ; he uttered a sigh, and was gone home. His prayer was granted : he was perfected at last.

For two months the Church, by prayers, had been contending for his life ; and God gave it to him, even length of days for ever and ever.

When all was over, and he had been gathered into the kingdom of Him whose are the heavenly riches, the love and sympathy which had been given to him were turned upon his widow and seven children. The Church of Christ adopted them ; it would not that to their sorrow for such a loss should be added anxiety for daily com-

forts. England and America rivalled France in generosity to them, as before to the families of Mr. Carasco and M. Pronier, and placed them beyond the reach of want.

In the cemetery of Nîmes, in the city of his conversion, of his first work for Christ and of his ordination, they laid the worn-out body away to await its change. Upon his tombstone are inscribed these words—never more applicable than to him who had been thus faithful to the end :

*“Blessed is that servant whom his Lord, when He cometh, shall find so doing.”*

And beneath, the words of his first text, the motto of his life,

“NO MAN LIVETH TO HIMSELF.”





